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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 599

EDITORIALS:
- The Hoover Honeymoon Ends 602
- Peace-Loving Mexico 603
- Bryan in Retrospect 603
- Romances of Today 604

IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun 605

TEN YEARS AFTER VERSAILLES. By William MacDonald 606

CIVILIZED DIVORCE. By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley 608

THE BUNCO GAME OF HIDDEN ASSETS. By Merryle Stanley Rukeyser 610

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 612

CORRESPONDENCE 612

BOOKS, THE DANCE, AND PLAYS:
- October 14, 1928. By Archibald MacLeish 614
- This Week: Black and White. By Freda Kirchwey 614
- Karl Marx in American Thought. By Benjamin Stolberg 619
- A Great Diary. By Worthington C. Ford 620
- The Fatal Subject. By Alexander Kaun 620
- Various People Look at Marriage. By Kenneth Macgowan 621
- Pride of Her Sex. By Lucy Humphrey Smith 622
- Primitive States of Mind. By Franz Boas 623
- Books in Brief 623
- The Dance: The Neighborhood Festival. Katherine Niles, Abbe Niles 624
- Drama: The Tragic-Comedy of Chekhov. By Joseph Wood Krutch 626

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Terror Reigns in Venezuela. By Jorge Luciani 628

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 631

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"I THINK," SAID THE SMALL BOY who had just been whaled by his father for telling a lie, "I'll truth it now for a while." David Lloyd George, it appears, is going to peace it again. In one of his latest speeches this audacious and unprincipled man has had the nerve to tell a lot of British women that he is now heart and soul for peace—he who condemned hundreds of thousands of Englishmen to needless deaths for no sound purpose because he would not consider the negotiated peace that Lord Lansdowne and many other distinguished personages, as well as millions in the trenches, desired. Now, this man, with his blood guilt upon him, assures the new British women electors that "you cannot trust men where fighting is concerned"—a truth he himself proves. Had there only been woman suffrage in 1914, he says, there would have been no war. The women would have held him and the Asquiths and Churchills, the Poincarés and Kaisers in check. As for the Disarmament Commission which he helped to create, he has now nothing but scorn for it, dubbing it "a stupid farce, paralyzed, dragging its limbs through the corridors and anterooms of Geneva doing nothing, discussing all kinds of things, but never getting to the real business." As for armies, navies, and aircraft, they are, he correctly declares, more formidable and destructive than in 1914. Well, what is the moral? Why, elect Lloyd George and there will be disarmament at once! The same old slick bidder for votes! But we hope that the women to whose pacifism this speech was directly addressed will reply: "In vain in sight of the bird the net is spread." Labor and not the Liberals are the friends of peace.

ARCHIBALD R. GRAUSTEIN, head of the International Paper and Power Company, declares that his company bought a half interest in the Boston *Herald* and the *Traveler* not in order to control their opinions, but to insure an outlet for its paper product. From having sold one-third of their supply to these dailies, the company found itself unable to contract for more than one-sixth. Hence the purchase of stock in the dailies. Well, let us examine this transaction. What a confession it is! The company which all but monopolizes the newsprint situation finds itself unable to sell its paper to the leading dailies in Boston. That means that its selling force is incompetent, or that its prices are too high, or that its product is inferior. Yet with the vast extent of its holdings of lumber, its water-power acquired for nothing, and its large production, it surely ought to be able to meet and surpass any competitor's terms. Unable to do so it proceeds to buy not a majority, but half of their stock, and, presto! the *Herald* and *Traveler* buy their paper from the International. Not on its merits, of course, for paper and price remain the same as before the sale, but by the pull which comes from being a part owner. It would seem as if the other stockholders had a right to protest against this purchase of paper through favoritism.

WILLIAM LA VARRE AND HAROLD HALL of New York, who recently purchased the Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle,* the Columbia, S. C., *Record,* and the Spartanburg, S. C., *Herald,* and *Journal,* did so with $870,000 loaned by Mr. Graustein's company, putting in not a cent and they are still drawing every month from the company $1,250 each for expenses and salary. They have testified before the Federal Trade Commission that Mr. Graustein put no limit upon the number of papers he would help them to purchase, provided each daily was making money. This is the clearest proof we have had yet that Mr. Graustein intended to compel a lot of newspapers to buy the product of his mills. Plainly these revelations have come just in the nick of time to prevent wholesale damage to the American press, which is by no means in a position to have further proof made public of its subservience to Big Business. We are happy in this connection to record that Charles O. Hearon, editor of the two Spartanburg papers, the *Herald* and the *Journal,* submitted his resignation as soon as he heard that the International was interested in them. Mr. Hearon wrote, like an honest man and a journalist faithful

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to the best traditions of the profession, that he had never agreed to become the editor of newspapers owned or controlled by the International Paper and Power Company or any special interests, and that he had believed the papers were sold to Hall and La Varre as individuals. Similarly Fitzhugh McMaster, editor of the Columbia *Record,* wrote that he would never have accepted the position if he had known that the paper was to be "controlled in any wise by the power companies or any public utilities."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., picked for Governor of Porto Rico? What a sorry wrong and injustice to the Porto Ricans that would be! Their plight is a grave one, their problems of overpopulation, of disease, of undernourishment and unemployment all call for a man of genuine stature and constructive statesmanship. Instead the Governorship of this unfortunate island may go to one who resigned as Assistant Secretary of the Navy after it appeared that he had been the errand boy in the naval oil steals; that he personally had sent United States marines to the Teapot Dome basin to oust squatters there merely to oblige the oil interests. No direct censure was visited upon him because it was plain that he was not bright enough to understand what it was all about. Colonel Roosevelt is now being given this consolation prize to keep him out of New York politics and prevent his again demanding the nomination for the Governorship. As for Mr. Hoover's diplomatic appointments, they go from bad to worse. Following the selection of Dawes for London come reports of the choice of Senator Walter E. Edge of New Jersey for Paris, Charles D. Hilles of New York for Rome, and Albert Ottinger, the perpetual Republican office-seeker in New York, as ambassador to Turkey. While we have a high personal regard for Mr. Hilles, all three men are active political operators. None is trained in diplomacy. All three selections are therefore purely political. Yet this is the regime of the great efficiency engineer! It needs more excellent appointments like that of J. Henry Scattergood of Philadelphia, a leading Quaker and an able public-spirited citizen of the highest type, as Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to give us some hope of better things.

RUTH HANNA McCORMICK'S involuntary announcement of her candidacy for the United States Senate through the publication of a private letter will surprise no one in politics. That has been her aim and we shall be surprised indeed if the daughter of Mark Hanna does not become the first woman Senator to serve a full-elected term —an honor to be shared, perhaps, if Mrs. Jessie Wilson Sayre should be chosen in Massachusetts. Mrs. McCormick is an astute politician, who, as her election to Congress showed, plays her cards extremely well. Like all politicians she does not live up to the best that is in her nor follow her finest instincts; nor is she above dubious alliances. But as to her extraordinary ability and her unusual personality there can be no question. In a contest for the Republican nomination against the present incumbent, Senator Charles S. Deneen, we must support Mrs. McCormick. Mr. Deneen has added nothing to his own prestige or that of the Senate. He is a regular of the regulars who could well be retired to the side-lines. In any matching of wits with Mrs. McCormick he is sure to lose.

THERE HAVE BEEN UNSEEMLY DOINGS o late among the young theologians at Des Moines University. Staid trustees have been saluted with eggs, furniture has been smashed, the President of the Board of Trustees and the lady Secretary have had to hide in a washroom to protect themselves from irate students, and Presider Wayman and forty members of the faculty have been fire summarily, without notice, *toute de suite.* To such uncout lengths do the passions of fundamentalism lead! For on gathers, out of the wreck of what was once a respectabl Baptist college, that the row was due in the main to a con flict between fundamentalists and modernists. There were however, other elements in the disaffection: resentment ove the abolition of fraternities and sororities, suggestions o the anti-American attitude of Dr. Shields, president, an Miss Edith M. Rebman, secretary of the board, and—al though this should not be uttered above a whisper—rumor of a scandalous nature concerning the conduct of the above named trustees; rumors which, let it be hastily said, hav been hotly and completely denied by the other trustees i committee assembled. Whatever the cause, the trustees or dered the university closed and put under police guard. A we go to press an injunction suspending this order has bee issued and classes are temporarily resumed. But one sus pects that injunction or no injunction, the students are mor or less in the state of the little boy whose dream about th burning of the schoolhouse came true. The flood water have risen, the land has been submerged, but—in this mod ern version—Noah himself and all the righteous are ir imminent danger of being drowned.

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH pe contra, two students and an instructor have been expelled as the result of the suppression of the Liberal Clut meeting in that university on April 22, described in *The Nation* of May 8. The two students, William Albertson and Arthur McDowell, served as leaders of the Liberal Clut in defying the order of Chancellor John G. Bowman to disband the club after it had held a forbidden meeting in protest against the imprisonment of Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings. In his statement Chancellor Bowman declared:

> The university as a matter of long-established policy refuses to give sanction to propaganda or to allow itself to be used for propaganda; the more so when the doctrine is in any way disloyal to the government of the city, State, or nation. No issue of the freedom of speech was involved.

We wonder what Chancellor Bowman would consider an issue of free speech. Two men have been rotting in California jails for twelve years after judges, jurymen, and police officials connected with their case have declared them innocent. There is no way to get them out except to direct public opinion against the officials who are keeping them in prison unjustly, and we can conceive of no place better than a university for the public discussion of so grave an issue. This arousing of public opinion is what Chancellor Bowman describes as propaganda because it does not agree with his views and those of the University of Pittsburgh. The dismissed instructor, Frederick E. Woltman, has been actively fighting the coal and iron police in Pennsylvania, and the article which he wrote on that subject with W. L. Nunn in *The Nation* of March 20 undoubtedly angered Pennsylvania financial leaders.

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BOMBINGS, BURNINGS, and evictions continue to bring the Southern textile strikes into the headlines. At Elizabethton, Tennessee, the strike of 5,000 rayon workers against the German-owned Bemberg and Glanzstoff corporations has settled down to a fight between the owners and the American Federation of Labor. The issue is the right to belong to a labor union without discrimination or discharge. Both sides are in an ugly mood, and several buildings belonging to strikers and strike-breakers have been bombed or burned. Five companies of militia surround the rayon plants and train their machine-guns upon the gates, but relatively few strike-breakers are at work and the strikers have a reasonable chance of victory if aid is supplied. At Gastonia, North Carolina, the Communist-led strike of cotton-mill workers is dragging along with only a remnant of determined fighters still out. At least thirty families of strikers have been evicted from the company houses of the Manville-Jenckes Company and fifty more have been ordered to move. The efforts of the National Textile Workers Union to enlist Negro members brought forth this typical statement from a mill employee in the Gastonia *Daily Gazette* of May 7:

> Here we have the two organizers for the Communist Party, one a white man and the other a Negro, walking into a restaurant and demanding that they be served breakfast together, the Negro on equal terms with the white. Can any true Southerner stand for a thing like that? . . . My answer is No, a thousand times No.

Meanwhile in Greenville, South Carolina, the leaderless strikers of the Brandon Corporation are fighting all alone against the "stretch-out" system, and are keeping their ranks intact. In Washington the Southern strikes have led Senator Wheeler to propose a thorough investigation of the basic grievances behind the present unrest. Such an investigation would have great educational value, and we urge our readers to do all in their power to bring it about.

IF JUDGE LEARNED HAND violates the traffic laws in New York by as much as an inch hereafter we venture to say the welkin will ring with it. For this distinguished United States judge has had the temerity to poke fun at our own Grover Whalen, police commissioner in New York, before the American Law Institute, and then savagely to attack him with all the weight of his profound authority. Grover Whalen, he said, "is a gentleman of urbanity and elegant apparel. . . . We have come to regard him, like his chief, as the epitome of many of the brighter aspects of our life. But he conceives himself as far more than a bird of plumage. As a result when he took office he determined to show the city that his administration should have results. There was to be vigorous enforcement of the law." Judge Hand then described the utterly lawless round-ups by the man charged with upholding the law and dwelt upon the fact that few people denounced this police lawlessness, while nearly the whole of the press and the citizens at a large dinner which the commissioner addressed applauded his lawless acts. These, the judge pointed out, strike at the common law, at the procedure instituted and built up through long generations to protect the person and the rights of the individual. Similarly Judge Hand cited the drastic measures used toward war dissenters in 1917 and 1918, the deportation of aliens described as socialists, communists, and anarchists, and the expulsion of Socialists from the New York Legislature as illustrations of the difference between common law and the common will—"if indeed," he added, "there is such a thing." It is altogether gratifying to find so distinguished a jurist speaking out thus to lawyers against official lawlessness.

THE CHEMICAL INDUSTRY has rewarded its benefactor, Francis P. Garvan, who, as Alien Property Custodian, filched 4,500 German and Austrian patents, and handed them for $50 each to the American chemical industry. The reward is a medal, ostentatiously presented, for "noteworthy and outstanding service to the science of chemistry." It *was* "noteworthy and outstanding." Senator Smoot has denounced it as a notorious "steal." Attorney General Stone declared in open court that if public officials can get away with such transactions as the Chemical Foundation deal, he trembled for the future of the republic. Well, by technical legal legerdemain Garvan and the chemical industry put it over. And now they are gloating. That they have prostituted the name "Americanization" by an outrageous confiscation of private property; that they have placed in jeopardy every foreign investment, including billions of American dollars abroad; that Garvan converted the office of Custodian into that of spoliator, the donors of the medal failed to mention. To the celebration of one of the foulest transactions in American history, such men as John H. Finley and John W. Davis lent their names. And Mr. Hoover wants to know why there is no respect for law!

AFTER NOISOME RUMORS of disagreement and thwarted choice had filled the air, the Pulitzer Prize Committee, under the protecting wing of the trustees of Columbia University, has modestly announced its awards for 1928. It turns out that not only did Mr. Sinclair's "Boston" fail to win the novel prize—in spite of or because of its socialistic tendencies—but Mr. Oliver's "Victim and Victor" suffered a like fate. To Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" the honor goes, and whatever became of any other choices in the final shuffle rests between the committee and the gods. With the other awards it is impossible to quarrel; Mr. Benét's "John Brown's Body," a long, impressive, and often felicitous poem on a noble subject, was an obvious selection; "Street Scene" was hailed by the New York critics and the public as a lively, entertaining, and pointed play; Rollin Kirby's cartoons are known and liked by thousands of readers; Louis Isaac Jaffe, of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* winner of the editorial prize, wrote an impassioned piece on the lynching which took place in Texas just before the Democratic Convention at Houston. *The Nation* is happy to salute its Washington contributor, Paul Y. Anderson, for winning the reporter's prize for his astute questions to Mr. Stewart about the Continental Trading Company which resulted in that gentleman's discomfiture before the Senate Investigating Committee. The Pulitzer Prizes in literature are likely to be a little stodgy; perhaps the committee is handicapped too much by its instructions; perhaps prizes in literature are foolish at best. But in journalism there has been in the Pulitzer awards an appreciation of courage, outspokenness, and capacity which does credit to the journalist who was their originator.

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The Hoover Honeymoon Ends

WITH a crash Mr. Hoover's Presidential honeymoon has ended. By a vote of 47 to 44 the Senate adopted the debenture plan and changed the whole aspect of affairs in Washington. That means open revolt, for thirteen Republican Senators contributed to this party disaster. Worse than that, the House Ways and Means Committee, charged with the framing of a tariff measure, has not merely reported some amendments to the existing Fordney Tariff law, but has produced an entirely new bill, every schedule of which can be debated at length in either House. But the committee did not stop there. Again in flagrant defiance of Mr. Hoover's wishes, it has not contented itself with raising the rates on agricultural products, but has raised them on hundreds of other articles which have no direct connection with agriculture whatsoever. Here is a situation to challenge every bit of statesmanship which the President possesses. At the outset of his Administration he must deal with a rebellion which may become as serious and as dangerous to his own reputation as the revolt of 1909 against William H. Taft in connection with the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which resulted in the failure of that Administration to win popular approval. It is bad enough for a new President to have to deal with a tariff situation; to confront at once the duty of placating the farmers and keeping the tariff barons in check is about as difficult a task as could come to any Executive. What makes the situation worse is that the proposals now before Congress satisfy neither the farmers nor the high Protectionists. Revolting State delegations are meeting and voting not to accept this provision or that schedule—a rare happening, indeed. Finally, to top everything, the price of wheat has gone lower than in twenty years because of a glut in this country and in Canada, the dumping of huge crops on the markets of the world by the Argentine and other countries, and the prospect of new and bumper crops for 1929. A year ago wheat was selling at $2.15 a bushel in New York; at this writing it is $1.29—good news for the consumer; the reverse for the crop-grower.

That the debenture plan will prevail is, of course, impossible; the action of the House in declaring that it is a revenue proposal, which the Senate was not constitutionally competent to pass, shows that. A successful revolt in the House on this issue seems unthinkable. But the fact is that Mr. Hoover has been successfully defied in the Senate; that it has treated with contempt his letter to Senator McNary giving ten cogent reasons why the debenture plan should not be voted; and finally the old rift between Eastern Republicans and Western Republicans has shown itself again. By now the West realizes that Mr. Hoover is not the great constructive genius the farmers were led, during the campaign, to believe him to be. They have learned that he would not aid Congress in drafting an agricultural bill for Constitutional reasons, but that it was not unconstitutional for him to interfere with the making of the bill while it was under way. Many of them realize that there are dangers in the debenture proposal, but, as the bill was debated, the feeling grew both in and out of Congress that here was one tangible suggestion that ought to be tried. The proposed plunge into a new bureaucracy by creating a great farm board with a fund of $500,000,000 might do in time, and so might the stimulation of cooperative organizations. But the farmer feels that he cannot wait for the creation of any slow-moving machine when the lowest wheat price in twenty years stares him in the face, with the world producing far more foodstuffs than it actually needs. So he looks upon the debenture plan as the only hope, untried and dangerous though it may be.

Then, if he turns to the tariff bill, the farmer finds that it is designed not merely to help him, but to increase the cost of many articles he needs. He is entitled to think the bill the plain fraud that it is. Why pretend to help the farmer when you go ahead and place duties on building materials, shingles, brick and cement, cedar, birch, and maple lumber, all of which are now on the free list? That means that he will have to pay more for every silo he puts up, or barn he builds, or house he erects. That is helping him with a vengeance! If he wishes to buy sugar for his tea and coffee he will find that it costs more because the duty has risen from 1.91 cents to 2.80 cents on the Cuban project. Every blanket he may have to buy for horses or humans will be increased in price to him, and every bit of clothing. If he wishes to buy a shade for his windows and window blinds, he will again pay more than at present. For all plate, crown, and sheet glass, and glass mirrors the rate is now 5 per cent ad valorem higher. If the farmer wishes to write a letter, his pens will cost him more, and so will his umbrella, if he uses one, and this is called aiding the farmer.

Of course it helps the farmer to raise the cost of chemicals, oils, and paints. Since he is particularly interested in artists' paints and colors in tubes or jars he will doubtless rejoice to hear that the duty has gone up 2 cents on each tube or jar. If his wife ever had the means to buy rayon goods she will find that the price has gone up—if this bill is passed. Gloves she has to have, so the tariff on them has gone up from $4 a dozen to $5.50 a dozen. As every one knows, musical instruments are essential to proper farming operations, and so the duty on strings rises from 40 per cent to 60 per cent, on musical instrument cases from 40 per cent to 50 per cent, and if any farmer, or his wife, has to buy wigs, he or she will find that a new duty of six cents a pound and 25 per cent ad valorem has sent up their price. So here we have the old humbug exposed again. The Republican Congress has again taken the bit in its teeth. It has heard its master's voice, and it has used the farmer's alleged need of higher duties as a smoke-screen behind which to raise the duties all along the line. As a result the cost of living will be increased to every man, woman, and child.

In other words, the great quadrennial game of fooling and cheating the American people is on again. Here we have class legislation at its worst—government by, for, and with the manufacturers and producers in certain lines of human industry at the expense of the consumer. We are glad that the exhibition is as naked and as shameless as it is. We hope that there will be quarreling of the fiercest kind among the tariff hogs and their puppets in Congress. Perhaps if there is, and a few of the Democrats begin to tell the truth about

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the whole tariff fraud and deceit, the farmer as well as the average citizen will begin to realize just what kind of a swindle is being perpetrated, and what new burdens are being put upon them both. We are sorry for Mr. Hoover. He is somewhat in the role of the innocent bystander. But his is also a great responsibility. If he permits his own party to override him and extend the tariff revision, his prestige and his authority will have vanished. The world will then again see who are the true masters of the Republican Party—the Protectionist money-bags who buy the elections.

Peace-Loving Mexico

AEROPLANES and the unequivocal support of Washington have been powerful factors in the swift shattering of the Mexican revolt, as well as the military dexterity of Almazan and the political genius of Calles who handles his enemies as a bullfighter handles a bull.

But one of the most important factors was one new to Mexico—popular sympathy for the Government. When Diaz was attacked in 1910 the entire nation went revolutionizing with alacrity. Subsequent revolts have attracted smaller but still enthusiastic or adventurous recruits. This revolt was timed for the change of administration in Washington. Given the usual hostile Washington and popular confusion, and the revolt might have triumphed.

Why the United States behaved as it has is a story of which Dwight W. Morrow is the hero. But that the common soldiers of Mexico chose on the whole to stay with the Government is even more remarkable. Calles is not beloved of the majorities. He is not fully understood. Escobar, Manzo, Topete, and Aguirre probably felt sure of recruits from the regular army, as in previous uprisings, and from the heretofore restless, transient popular "reserves." But even their own troops did not stay with them. And the people at large refused even transient, adventuresome help.

When the rebellion broke out, José Vasconcelos, formerly a minister in the Obregon Cabinet, and openly hostile to Calles, had returned to Mexico to campaign as a Presidential candidate. He might have been expected, since the revolt was avowedly directed against Calles, to throw his intellectual and political weight to the support of the rebellion. Instead he vigorously denounced it. "Before the threat of new military directorates and dark chiefs," he said, "we must still our own resentments and support the civilian government headed by President Portes Gil."

Military men themselves echoed the call for a civilian government. General Abelardo Rodriguez, when invited to join the rebels, wrote to General Aguirre as follows:

> I have been invited to join a movement which is being planned against our present legitimately constituted government. . . .
>
> I consider that now less than ever is there a reason for a revolutionary movement—for the government guarantees full legal protection to the Presidential candidates—and less even for a revolution which hopes to impose a given candidate. . . .
>
> Such a movement, because unpopular and unjustified, must ultimately be defeated, but nevertheless it will bring upon us loss of prestige and ruin, not to mention the accompanying bloodshed. . . .

The campaign in Vera Cruz against Aguirre—the first rebel to be defeated—was significant. The military campaign was very slight. It was hardly necessary, for the first and most telling offensive in Vera Cruz came from Mexico City. It consisted of propaganda—printed leaflets and broadsides—dropped by aeroplanes among Aguirre's men, informing them that they were rebels, that the Government stood for peace and stable civilian institutions, whereas they were backing a fly-by-night personal uprising. Theatrically, one detachment wired at once to the Federal Government, announcing its conversion. It had been deceived, this detachment said. The officer at its head "had been carried away." Many of the soldiers declared that they had no idea they were fighting against the Government. The very fact that rebel chiefs told their soldiers that they were Federals, as in some cases they are said to have done, is a good index of the popular feeling which has defeated the rebellion.

The fact is that Mexico is bored with revolutions. Manifestos, with "Liberty" in large black letters on vivid grounds, make it yawn. Mexico is tired of chasing distant ideals on an empty stomach. It is no longer malignantly curious about the gilded interiors of mansions. It has junked most of them. And it wants peace.

Bryan in Retrospect

THE first of three announced biographies of William J. Bryan lies before us. Mr. M. R. Werner* leads the way with what is an attractively written journalistic life of the Commoner, in the main a true picture of this extraordinary and extraordinarily disappointing figure in our political life. Critical the biography is meant to be; one has the feeling that Mr. Werner is holding Bryan at arms' length and showing his subject's several qualities in the spirit of a teacher with a pointer at the blackboard. A definitive life it is not, nor does it pretend to this. It is just an easily written and easily read narrative of the rise and fall of the man who muffed a tremendous opportunity to make himself one of the great servants of the Republic; who might have changed the destinies of the country had he possessed, in addition to his oratorical powers, knowledge, profundity, and stability.

Yet this man will last far longer in our history than most people believe. For he was more completely the representative of great masses of middle-class Americans, the untaught products of our faulty and failing public-school system, than Mr. Werner himself brings out. In 1896 the East, frightened by Bryan's free-silver heresy into picking the free-silver McKinley for the Presidency, after compelling him to turn overnight into a gold-standard man, failed to realize that it was not merely the free-silver issue which made Bryan so formidable, but the feeling of widespread multitudes that at last one of their own, one of common clay, had a chance at the Presidency. He was both a Commoner and common, and therein lay a great part of his power. Yet he could not use that power, or the fact that he was in himself a least common denominator of millions, to achieve that upon which he set his heart. That his fail-

* "Bryan." By M. R. Werner. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. $3.50.

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ure was in every way tragic is indisputable. Success for him would have delayed, if not prevented, our lurch into imperialism. There would have been no Spanish War, no conquest of the Philippines.

Much that the country needed Bryan possessed. The hour called for a plain, homely man of the people, one as much a part of them as Lincoln. Bryan could not qualify, because he had neither Lincoln's insight, nor his intuitive understanding of grave problems, nor his inborn common sense, nor the depth of feeling that could put deep furrows into the Emancipator's face. Bryan grew—but in the wrong direction. His portraits prove that, by the steady degeneration of his face, the widening and thinning of his lips, the decreasing intellectuality of the countenance. Of sustained, hard intellectual effort Bryan was incapable. He could not study; he read practically no books, but culled what new thoughts and facts he had from newspapers and magazines. The result was that he was for and against many big issues at one time and another. His most lamentable apostasy was in the matter of peace. He had a resounding sermon or two on it; but when the war of 1898 came he saw no inconsistency in becoming a militarily ignorant colonel of Nebraska Infantry. This was just part of his vanity, his egotism which, having experienced the limelight in fullest degree, could not thereafter live without it. Yet when the World War came he refused to remain in the Cabinet and drift into war; he proposed an excellent plan for ending it by joint action of the neutrals as he had previously drafted and negotiated many admirable arbitration treaties. And then he ordained that he be buried as a soldier at Arlington!

To the service of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State, Mr. Werner does much less than justice. It was, and is, difficult to appraise; but the Commoner, curiously enough, left that office with the respect and even the affection of many of the office-holders, press men, and diplomats he had come into contact with, even when they acknowledged that he was a misfit. Never before did Mr. Bryan's lack of personal dignity come out as here; he permitted news men to misbehave toward him as no man would for a moment have dared to misbehave toward Wilson, or Mr. Lane, or Mr. Lansing. He played into the hands of those who wished to lampoon him by refusing to give up his quest for money—he left an estate of $1,111,948.50—or to overcome his thirst for the applause of listeners. His excuse was his lack of means; but Secretary Lane lived upon his Cabinet salary though he came out so poor that he had to borrow money to buy tickets to take his family back to their home. Mr. Bryan did not make his million after 1918, though he sank to being a mere real-estate "barker"—for pay—in Florida in his final years. The fact is he was undone by his inability to search out the truth scientifically, which led to his dreadful exposure at the Scopes trial. He was destroyed by three appetites: for publicity, for money, and finally, in Tennessee, for food.

Some day a great writer will portray Bryan on a huge canvas, and the background will be millions of American faces. He will do it with a broad sweep and with the power of a Tolstoy for great dramatic scenes, thrilling possibilities, and the terrible tragedy of defeat that affected not one man but a nation. Until that man comes Mr. Werner's excellent volume will long render useful service as a preliminary survey and a painstaking and discriminating snapshot.

Romances of Today

FOUR monuments to the machine age are rising by the river which Hendrik Hudson first navigated three hundred years ago; and thousands of New Yorkers sweep past them in motor cars or walk under their shadow every day with merely an occasional careless glance at their lofty and incredible grandeur. In a general way it is known that a bridge is being constructed across the Hudson River; one remembers having read somewhere that it is to be a long bridge and that it will cost a lot of money. This is the only tribute paid to those four steel towers, two on either side of the river, that soar with deceptive, lace-like frailty above the curve of Riverside Drive and are yet strong enough to bear a million tons of steel which will be hung from the two in New York to the two in New Jersey, 3,500 feet away.

The longest suspension bridge in the world, we are told; with a span twice as long, indeed, as the next largest. The towers from which the cables will be slung are to be 650 feet high; only a few skyscrapers are higher. The vast holes in which these massive structures rest could have contained instead a ten-story apartment building. Looking at the towers now we can well believe it; and looking, too, at the mass of reinforced concrete between the New York towers and the Drive, on which is to be built the approach to the bridge, we have not only confidence in the bridge itself but in an age that can construct such a marvel with assurance, speed, and accuracy.

And as if to prove that a wonder like the Hudson River bridge should be taken lightly, it was announced the other day that a second bridge across the Hudson was planned. The earlier structure is to be completed at a cost of something like $50,000,000. One hundred and eighty million will be required for the second, projected as a railroad bridge for the Baltimore and Ohio and other railroads at present without a terminus in New York City. This, too, if built, will have a river span of two-thirds of a mile, with two side spans of about 1,700 feet each—a bridge more than 7,000 feet long! It is estimated that 400,000,000 passengers, 40,000,000 vehicles, and 25,000,000 tons of freight will cross it yearly. The construction will include, besides the bridge proper, a great passenger station on Ninth Avenue, subway and motor traffic connections, and, most miraculous of all, about three years are estimated as the time necessary for its completion.

It is, of course, entirely significant of the age we live in that we take such achievements as a matter of course—not only in New York, where the announcement of a new skyscraper arouses only the barest ripple of interest, but in every corner of the country, where the radio, the telephone, and the domestic wonders of electricity are accepted as easily as bread and butter. Nor is it only a matter of mechanical wonders: in laboratories all over the world men and women are working with mysterious substances, with strange organisms that perform inexplicable functions. But from moment to moment some part of the inexplicable becomes clear. It is not too fantastic to suppose that there is no end to this sort of progress. Man's mastery of his world increases every day, and his ease in it. Only in his relation to his fellow-men does he seem to make comparatively trifling advances.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

I AM sick to death of all the bleating which goes up about "destructive criticism." "Why can't you be constructive for a change?" say the silly-minded who feel that the hand of criticism is too heavy. And acquaintances remark, "That old *Nation* is always against everything." Once there was in Israel a forthright king called Rehoboam. And when committees called to influence his policy he answered manfully and said, "My father has chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." And a good answer, too, even though it lost him adherents. Would to God that Rehoboam was the father of all the critics in America.

The men who write of plays and books and politics have need to set up a crackling sound and make offenders tremble. Particularly in the arts all is kindness and consideration. In the theater Duses are discovered daily and hats go sailing into the air when any rather pretty girl walks across the stage without tripping over the furniture. So debased have the adjectives of criticism become that when a reviewer wants to indicate that something was pretty terrible he conveys that fact by writing, "In the important role of the butler Mr. Smith was adequate."

There is a crying and a blistering need for ruthless, heavy-handed men to deal with all the arts. Nobody can paint or sing or write so badly that the commentators will fail to give him some grain of solace. And it is these crumbs of comfort, carelessly thrown, which have gone to make up the great desert areas of the half-baked. The ridiculous notion that critics should always build up and never tear down has even taken hold of first-class minds. This is an age in some respects so kindly that not a sparrow falls to earth without conspiracy arising to make pretense it was an eagle. Indeed most reviewers write about public performers with such forgiveness that one might believe these players and novelists were already dead.

In the end this mistaken mercy leaves its victims much more wet and wringing than would the dew of bitter truth from heaven. The most poignant tragedies occur in the field of music. Every girl stranded in New York outside the gates of the Metropolitan is a soprano who has been cruelly deceived. In the beginning it was the teacher who said that her voice had great possibilities. Then the critic of the local paper mentioned her first concert and was for some inexplicable reason reminded of Melba. Eventually there is Town Hall or Carnegie and the second string men from the metropolitan papers content themselves with saying that some of her notes are better than others. The result is that no American singer ever precisely fails. He merely doesn't get a job.

What a pity! All these unfortunates could have been saved by poultices compounded out of honest harshness. It is a critic's function to serve as a counter-irritant, but instead he generally insists upon taking out his papers for citizenship in Gilead.

The most unfortunate thing which has happened in the musical world in my time was Marion Talley's engagement with the Metropolitan. Some wonder has been expressed at her decision to retire to the farm. It seems to me more remarkable that she ever got away. In all justice it must be admitted that Miss Talley had a voice of sorts but as yet she has never shown more than a rudimentary knowledge of singing. All along the line people were kind to her. The fact that her father was a railroad telegrapher helped rather more than her top notes. In her case the disposition to give the little girl a hand was so pronounced that it boosted her right out in front of the golden horseshoe. I am not contending that it is tragic for box-holders to hear a certain amount of bad singing. What would they know about it anyway? My regret lies in the fact that the financial success of Miss Talley has put thousands of dollars in the pocket of every over-optimistic singing teacher throughout America. How can a maestro now say in all honesty, "You have no chance"? He remembers Miss Talley. And so does the singer. It is much easier to live on a farm after the first hundred thousand has been earned in opera and in concert.

It has been said mendaciously that the most important part of a critic's job is to foster budding genius. Critics fear to tread upon even the most unlikely object for fear that even if it isn't Lon Chaney it may be William Shakespeare. So strong is the notion that most great men get off on the wrong foot that all awkward effort is regarded with tolerance lest harsh words be said about some performer later destined for electric lights on Broadway.

Nobody can stop genius or even high talent by stepping on it. In so far as the critic's function extends to the performer himself rather than to the audience he need not bother his head concerning the geniuses. They are all self-made. You cannot puff them and gales won't knock them down. Indeed the most important task of a newspaper critic is the menial work of sweeping out the rubbish. The reviewer never can do justice to a great play in the brief space of time allotted to him between final curtain and the deadline. In dealing with magnificence his best must be inadequate. On the other hand any reasonably efficient critic can dispose of inept endeavors in a few shrewd paragraphs. And by clearing away the fourth and fifth rate, the path to the mighty oaks is made more passable for pilgrims seeking the better sort of mousetraps.

Within a week I, with my own eyes, saw the author of eleven dreadful plays standing in Times Square with a smile on his lips. Once I saw him laugh out loud. He was leaning against a lamp post. If critics were truly mettlesome he would have avoided the spot as if it had been the gallows. But instead of flaying the bungler they had contented themselves with saying that his last endeavor was not quite as good as "Hamlet." Some believe that if you give an incompetent artist enough rope he will hang himself. Statistics fail to support this pleasant theory. Or maybe the reviewers give him too much. And the impudent wretch, grown bold because of coddling, will generally take the slack allowed him and toss it high in the air like some Indian fakir to make himself a ladder up to Heaven. To be sure the miscreant generally bungles even that simple trick. He forgets to disappear.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Ten Years After Versailles

By WILLIAM MacDONALD

WRITING in *The Nation,* ten years ago, of The Madness at Versailles, I took occasion to point out some of the essential iniquities of the proposed peace treaty, and called attention to the lamentable role which had been played during the war and throughout the peace negotiations by that master of political sophistry, Woodrow Wilson. It was my conviction then, as it was, I think, of many others in this country and in Europe, that a peace of vengeance had small chance of becoming, even after many years, a peace of reconciliation, that the obvious injustices of the treaty would long continue to cry for remedy, and that the unrighteous and unintelligent settlement which Allied wisdom had decreed would inevitably engender controversy and perpetuate suspicion and fear.

Looking back now over the decade since May, 1919, I see no reason to modify, in any important respect, the estimate of the situation and the outlook that was then made. The mere lapse of time, to be sure, has dulled some resentments, and made accustomed some things which at first seemed strange. The territorial changes made by the treaty, save for a few minor adjustments, still stand as they were ordained, and the misfit garments with which some of the nations were clothed doubtless appear less irritating and grotesque than they did when they were first put on. We have not yet had another general war, and a number of threatening conflicts have been localized or snuffed out without starting a general conflagration. Sonorous formulas have put war under the ban, the approach of universal peace has been announced from the house-tops, and one-time enemies have on occasion met and embraced. To conclude, however, that because the peace settlement has not proved to be entirely intolerable or unworkable its essence must have been good, would be to confuse appearance and reality, and give to incidents, ceremonies, and forms of words a political or ethical substance which the whole world today knows they do not possess.

Of the larger features of the Versailles treaty, three or four in particular invite comment. The primary aim of the Peace Conference, in reconstructing the map of Europe, was to insure the safety of France and Belgium, and to a lesser degree that of Great Britain, by robbing Germany of valuable territory and dismembering the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. What happened to Germany, as a result of this display of Allied wisdom, has long been an open record. By depriving Germany of its former resources of raw materials in Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar valley, and impeding its outlet for manufactured goods abroad in case its manufactures should recover, the Allies checked, almost to the point of destruction, the economic restoration upon which the payment of the colossal indemnities which the Allies proposed to exact should have been seen to depend. Germany, in consequence, faced with ruin at home and impossible outside demands in the form of reparations, passed quickly down the toboggan-slide of currency inflation to financial and industrial collapse, and great numbers of its workers, its intellectuals, its tradesmen, and its industrialists and farmers still bear the burden of poverty which that collapse entailed. From this abyss it has been able to drag itself, partly by its own extraordinary resourcefulness and industry, but in very large part, also, only by the aid of foreign loans which hang their dead weight upon the future development of German industry and trade.

Upon a Germany which the Allies did their best to ruin economically, the same wisdom imposed a burden of reparations which the Reparations Commission eventually figured at 132,000,000,000 gold marks. The struggle to reduce this preposterous demand to something like rational proportions has vexed the entire period since the peace. Conference after conference wrestled with the problem only to give it up. The French, clamoring for their pound of flesh as the self-appointed guardians of the sacred principle of justice, marched their troops into the Ruhr only to march them out again, while the Dawes committee effected a five-year truce without touching the crucial point of how much, in the end, Germany should pay. The recent discussions at Paris have shown a gratifying disposition on the part of the creditor Allies to effect a settlement on the basis of a workable compromise, but the one thing that at the moment seems clear is that Germany's war creditors will receive in reparations what Germany decides it is able to pay, and no more. The "grand design" of vengeful and conceited Allied power is a sorry-looking contrivance now. Yet, after allowance has been made for every amelioration, the economic recovery of Germany still resembles far less a solid body of financial and industrial resource than a hollow shell of credit and long-term financial obligations which will require at least a generation to discharge.

The dismemberment of Austria-Hungary had for its justification, in addition to defense, the professed need of recognizing national aspirations for independence. It is true that the old Dual Monarchy was a weak structure, and that its parti-colored racial and religious composition was fruitful of rivalries and contentions unfavorable to internal stability. What the Allied statesmen accomplished, however, was to substitute other and further grounds of difference for those which had previously existed. In place of dissension within the Empire under a common imperial allegiance, we have had, and still have, alternating rapprochement and conflict among a group of independent states whose cultural development varies widely. It has been easy, accordingly, for French diplomacy, impelled by fear of German political recovery, to draw the new states into a network of alliances and reincarnate the mischievous system of balance of power. A considerable area of free internal trade has been transformed into an area crossed and recrossed by tariff walls, all of them substantial impediments to international commerce. Austria, its territory cut down and its economic life all but throttled, charity patient *par excellence* in the great post-war hospital of the maimed and convalescent, is debarred from political union with Germany, and counts as a going financial concern only by the aid of an international loan engineered by the League of Nations. Only within the past

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year or two has the political and economic hostility of its neighbors shown signs of relenting. It was easy to destroy the ancient empire, and from the fragments a strong state or two may in time arise, but one must be an optimist indeed to see in the present situation, even at its best, an assured prospect of stability and peace.

The high-pressure propaganda of which the League of Nations has been the subject has not prevented the world from taking the measure of that organization. It is principally in two capacities that the League has now to be considered: as an agency of investigation, and as a political structure affected with some of the characteristics of a superstate. In neither of these capacities, it seems to me, has the League justified its existence. The services which it has rendered as an investigator of complaints have been no more useful than could have been rendered by other organizations, or by some of its member states if they had chosen to act in concert, and the drafting of a report has by no means meant a prompt acceptance of the findings. As a political agency for keeping the peace its record is not promising. The very theory of its structure has been flouted by the dominating tactics of Great Britain and France and the open contempt of Mussolini, and it is debarred from redressing any of the injustices of the peace settlement by the obvious necessity of maintaining the political *status quo*. It has yet to test its strength against any strong Power; the minor troubles which it has adjusted would, in all probability, have been disposed of equally well by one or another Power acting independently, and its treatment of disarmament has been a farce. The tribunal at the Hague which masquerades as a World Court is not a world court, but a court of the League. Were the League to die tomorrow, the chief mourners at its funeral would be the statesmen of the former Allied Powers who have learned to use it as a tool, the battalion of functionaries who compose its salaried list, and the embattled propagandists who would be deprived of the occupation of defending it.

It is most often in contemptuous jest that one speaks today of the war that was to end war, or of a world that was to be made safe for democracy; yet there can be no doubt that millions of men and women who saw the war at close range, or at a distance heard and felt its repercussions, sincerely hoped or even believed that the defeat of the Central Powers meant the beginning of the end of war, and the dawn of a new day in which democratic government should be glorified. How stands it today with that great expectation?

Only on the surface, and hardly at all in substance, have the hopes of the world been realized. Neither in Europe, nor in Asia, nor in the Americas have arms ceased to clash, nor has forcible interference with the affairs of other states disappeared. The Locarno pacts owe their importance to the potential force marshaled behind them and the famous Geneva protocol, representing the highest wisdom of the League of Nations as a peace agency, was simply a scheme of armed force embodied. The Briand-Kellogg pact, acclaimed as a noble gesture before which war was shortly to vanish into thin air, is so far hedged about with explanations and reservations as to be, in effect, little more than an expression of pious sentiment, while the reduction of naval armaments, if it is to be achieved, bids fair to leave land and air armaments and enforced military service as great a menace as ever. There is not a Power of any deciding consequence that is not today attending sedulously to the development of its army, navy, and air forces in preparation for the next war.

Why, after all, should it not be so? The political situation in Europe rests upon a treaty, or a series of treaties, whose underlying theory is vengeance, repression, and fear. It is not upon such foundations that a world peace is to be built. Doubtless it may be many years before the Treaty of Versailles can be revised, and revision may very likely be by piecemeal rather than as a whole, but until the vengeful injustices of the treaty shall have been redressed as far as redress may be possible, and the mistakes of ignorance or passion corrected, an armed world will continue to think in terms of organized force for the maintenance of its undeserved privileges and the quieting of its anxious fears.

To mention peace and the League is to recall the name of Woodrow Wilson. If Wilson was a good deal of an enigma in 1919, he remains something of an enigma now. Nothing that has been published about him since the peace has enhanced his reputation as a thinker or statesman. We know today, better than we did before the treaty was made, that he could be disingenuous, that the Paris schemers appraised him quickly as a person who could be either managed or ignored, and that the League of Nations was to him an obsession as well as an ideal. We know that where he, above most others, should have kept his head he lost it, and the ease and amplitude of his surrender did no credit to his moral courage. The world is strewn with the wreckage of hopes which he disappointed and appeals which he ignored. Take him for all in all, it were better that we should not look upon his like again.

How fares it, finally, with liberty? Looking at what was done in Paris, it seemed hardly possible, ten years ago, that so great a repudiation of humanity and justice should not soon inspire revolt, or that the struggle for freedom should not before long be taken up afresh. Much of what has happened, it must be confessed, seems disappointing. The reaction against democracy has been widespread and extreme. Italy, Spain, and Jugoslavia have gone over frankly to dictatorship, with only the form of dictatorship lacking in Poland, Rumania, and Hungary. The parliamentary system in Great Britain and France, and the representative system in the United States, have passed ominously under the control of elected autocrats, and the rights of assembly and free speech are seriously threatened almost everywhere. Gravest of all, perhaps, is the attitude of the intellectuals, who voice their disgust with politics and embrace a defeatism closely akin to despair.

Nevertheless, liberty is making progress, albeit slowly and unevenly. The myth of German "war guilt" has been dissipated by historical scholarship, Germany is getting rid of its chains, and the voice of Russia is beginning to be heard in international councils. A good deal that was hateful in the past has been forgotten, something, perhaps, has been forgiven, and a vast amount of deliberate and vicious falsehood has been exposed. There has been, on the whole, much moral clearing of the air. It is for the generation that is too young to cherish animosities, and that clamors for freedom and insists upon being heard, to complete the righting of the wrongs that time and necessity have not yet redressed.

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Civilized Divorce*

By DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THERE is probably no more striking example of that hypocrisy in government which has come to be one of our chief national characteristics than our divorce laws. As unenforceable as the Eighteenth Amendment, they remain on the statute books of the several States as a sop to respectability, a pretense that marriage is indissoluble unless one of the parties is guilty of adultery, cruelty, desertion, drunkenness, or neglect. These grounds vary in different parts of the country, but the general rule holds good that one party must have committed a specific injury against the other *without the latter's connivance.* Indeed "an agreement between married people that one shall bring an action for divorce and the other fail to defend it, and especially upon a ground that is not a real one, is held a collusion to defraud the courts." (Schouler.)

Yet in the face of these laws divorce goes merrily on—to the tune of 146,069 undefended cases in this country in 1925, representing 84 per cent of the total number of decrees granted. Now if a case is undefended it may be assumed that the defendant is willing to be divorced, unless he or she has not been personally notified of the action or has no possible grounds on which to base a defense. In this connection Judge C. W. Hoffman of the Domestic Relations Court of Cincinnati found from an investigation in his court that at least 75 per cent of the defendants had valid grounds for a defense, but did not choose to stand upon them. Judges say, too, that a contest in court usually hangs upon the question of children or property, not the divorce itself. Certainly one knows from one's own observation that there is more often than not some sort of an agreement between husband and wife, tacit or otherwise.

Perjury is a necessary concomitant of all such collusion. For instance, if a husband has not actually deserted for the specified length of time, or has not been guilty of the alleged adultery or cruelty, the plaintiff and her witnesses must swear to false facts when they come to testify. We are told by Judge Harry A. Lewis, who hears a great many cases in Chicago, that 50 to 60 per cent of all decrees are obtained there on the fraudulent grounds of cruelty —"while as a matter of fact there was nothing but incompatibility which had become so unbearable that the wife would perjure herself in order to get relief."

Nor do the judges appear to be shocked by the prevalence of perjury. Not long ago I sat listening to the undefended calendar in a Chicago court where a fresh case was dispatched every five minutes. In the course of the proceedings I was amazed to hear the judge recess the court for five minutes, with the curt injunction to a lawyer who had a faltering witness on the stand, "to get his dates straightened out." In other words, the lawyer was to tell his witness exactly what to say, so that her testimony would tally with the claims made in the brief. Judges in the more conservative Eastern States are likely to be less lax, but by their own admission they are helpless before the ever-rising tide of perjury and collusion, Judge Callaghan of the New York Supreme Court having remarked not long ago that "it is almost impossible for a judge to prove collusion even though he strongly suspects its existence, for the attorneys are always careful to satisfy every technical requirement of the statute."

The fact is that an increasing number of judges are cutting short corners and are simply granting divorce where they think divorce is due. Judge Hoffman of Cincinnati, after making a study of divorce procedure all over the country, recently declared that "the divorce codes are not administered so much in the light of the laws prescribed by the statutes as in the light of the prevailing interpretation by the bench, the bar, and the community, concerning marriage." So it happens that in many of our States divorce by mutual consent is already a *fait accompli.* And yet when Judge Ben B. Lindsey suggested that it be legalized, the pillars of society cried out that such a law would cut at the very roots of marriage.

There is nothing new, of course, about this type of divorce. The Romans had it centuries ago, Napoleon incorporated it in his Code Civil, and today it is a part of the law of Russia, Austria (for non-Catholics only), Belgium, Rumania, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Japan, and certain provinces of Mexico.

The Romans were the first to evolve the theory that "marriage is an equal partnership between husband and wife, depending for its inception and continuation upon the free will of both parties"—rather than upon any religious or civil sanction. "This truly high and altogether worthy conception of the institution"—to use Lord Bryce's phrase—encouraged a finer type of marriage than the Western world has known since it became Christianized. But as Roman life in general grew increasingly corrupt, marriage was used by the wealthy and ambitious as a means of pleasure and worldly advancement, and divorce became more and more prevalent, especially since it required no legal procedure whatsoever. Yet to say, as some moralists do, that Rome fell because of her "free marriage" custom, is to confuse cause and effect, for as Lecky puts it: "A vast wave of corruption had flowed in upon Rome, and under any system of law it would have penetrated into domestic life."

The church, as it gained power, assumed control over every aspect of man's temporal life, and by the twelfth century it had established the canon that marriage was an indissoluble state and that divorce followed by remarriage was a sin to be punished by excommunication. As a consequence divorce by mutual consent was not heard of again in Western Europe until the eighteenth century ushered in a new philosophy of human freedom. In the middle of that century a mutual consent law was incorporated in the Prussian Projet of Frederick II, and in 1792 the French Commune passed a law declaring that "facility in obtaining divorce is the natural consequence of the individual's right to freedom." Cataclysmic change was in the air, and it is not surprising that there were in the year VI more divorces

* The fifth of a series of articles on marriage and divorce. The next, Divorce in the Soviet Union, will appear in an early issue.

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than marriages in Paris. In 1804 this law was superseded by the new provision in Napoleon's Code Civil, which required first, that the husband must be at least twenty-five years of age and the wife twenty-one; second, that the couple must have been married at least two years and not more than forty; and third, that the wife must not be over forty-five years of age. It is to be regretted that there are no statistics at hand showing the results of this law during the ten years that it was in effect. With the Restoration all divorce was wiped out, and was not again permitted in France until the latter part of the century, when the present law was passed. Less liberal than the Code Civil, it requires that one party must have wronged the other—a provision that was doubtless a concession to the church party. In practice, however, the judges interpret "injure grave" so liberally as to make it tantamount to incompatibility.

In England, even more than in France, one finds the stamp of the church upon the divorce code. Our own statutes are much more liberal, and yet we have taken over from the English common law the doctrine that makes collusion a bar to divorce. This is plainly a hangover of the days when the church enjoyed the prerogative of treating adults like children and of controlling every aspect of their daily lives.

It is in the Northern countries of Europe—where the church never held temporal sway—that we find a theory of marriage based on sociological rather than ecclesiastical doctrine. Today Denmark, Sweden, and Norway have a uniform marriage and divorce code which provides that divorce may be obtained either by a suit in court on one of the time-honored grounds, or by mutual agreement between the parties. The latter method involves no court procedure, but is hedged about with certain safeguards. The couple must first discuss their differences either with the parish minister or a designated government official, and then, if they cannot be reconciled and have reached an agreement on the division of their children and income, they will be given a decree of legal separation for one year (in Denmark one year and a half). At the end of that time—if they again petition for a divorce and can present proof that they have remained apart, they receive their decree without further ado. No slandering of one by the other in court, no swearing to false testimony, no payment of large fees to lawyers.

The new code has been in effect in Norway since 1910 and in Denmark and Sweden since 1918, and no disasters have followed in its wake. In these countries divorce is not considered a burning question, and their rates are much lower than our own. Sweden in 1926 had only .29 divorces per thousand of the population, and Norway had .21, while Denmark with its larger urban population, had .57 divorces to every thousand, which is still only a little more than a third of our national percentage of 1.52. It is significant that the majority of these decrees were obtained under the mutual consent provision. In Norway, for instance, only 13 per cent of the cases were tried in court. Society there, we are told, would be quick to cast out the woman who had been so vulgar as to attack her husband openly for cruelty, or the man who had been so ungallant as to accuse his wife publicly of adultery. The Scandinavians as a whole do not frown upon divorce, but they expect people "to do the thing decently."

Analogies are dangerous, of course, and the experience of other peoples is no positive index of what our own experience would be. In all events divorce is bound to be more prevalent in this country than in Europe, where thrifty couples will think long before they divide up their small substance. At the same time there is no reason to suppose that a law similar to the Scandinavian would do anything more than equalize the opportunity for divorce in this country. As it is now, every couple who wants a divorce and can afford to pay the piper, gets one. If people go to Paris or Mexico they do so to avoid publicity and the boredom of residence in another State in this country. It is the poor, who cannot afford to move to another State or to pay fancy fees for detectives, who are prevented today from getting divorces.

It would be interesting indeed if some progressive Middlewestern or Western State were to cast off the ancient shackles of religion and drop the prohibition against collusion. (Wisconsin and Kentucky now have provisions allowing divorce after five years' separation, but the period is so long that comparatively few decrees have been granted on this ground in either State.) With collusion off the boards, the way would then be open to the passage of a mutual consent law. Certain safeguards would be advisable, however; for the privilege of immediate divorce, as embodied in the Roman mores, in the French law of the Revolution, and in the Russian law of today, might only add to our native restlessness. A year's cooling-off period seems a wise provision, especially when there are children to be taken into account. And if a State wanted to be very cautious it might take a leaf out of the Code Civil and require that the husband and wife must be of a certain minimum age and must have been married at least two years. The latter provision would make it impossible for a couple to obtain divorce by mutual consent within three years of the date of marriage, and this would certainly be no inducement to hasty marriage.

Doubtless it would be necessary to educate people to obtain divorce by this civilized means, rather than by rushing into court and suing on grounds of cruelty or adultery. The latter method offers immediate heart-balm, if invoked in those States that impose no interlocutory period. And it must be admitted that the great majority of divorce-seekers do no flinch at the procedure, for even in States where desertion is a ground, cruelty is more often claimed in order to save time. There are, however, a goodly proportion of people—there were 32 per cent in 1925—who prefer desertion as the least objectionable method. They shrink from airing their affairs in public, and many of them would not perjure themselves by swearing to false facts of desertion—if they saw any other way out of their dilemma. To this class of honest citizens divorce by mutual consent would be manna from heaven.

In the long run the system of mutual consent should have the effect of dignifying marriage and delaying divorce. For if a State made a determined effort to exterminate perjury from its divorce courts, those thousands of couples who now procure hasty decrees on specious grounds would be compelled to wait a year and obtain their freedom by the mutual consent method which would not require court procedure. In the long run the taxpayers would be saved thousands of dollars, and men and women would perhaps regain a little respect for the law.

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The Bunco Game of Hidden Assets

By MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

DOES it make much difference to the outside stockholder whether he is deceived by exaggeration or by understatement? Padding balance sheets and income accounts has been generally denounced as fraudulent, but the reverse process of withholding facts as to the true nature of profits and assets has been condoned as conservative accounting. Under the mantle of respectability, well-sponsored corporations, excellently managed, have year after year published financial statements which bear only a remote relation to the real status of the business about which all the stockholders, or owners, are entitled to be informed.

If the abuse of the first decade of the twentieth century consisted of watering stock, an evil of the current period consists of dehydration. Water represents the excess of the capitalized value of corporate assets over the authentic worth of such real estate, plant, machinery, furniture, and patents. On the other hand, companies that follow the financial mode of dehydration sometimes carry office buildings at $1, plants at zero, and, in general, charge to operating expenses permanent capital expenditures, which should ordinarily appear in the property account. Where a company habitually hides assets and earnings, it opens itself to the suspicion that it is intentionally giving an advantage to directors, officers, and bankers of the company, who alone are privy to the secrets.

As long as certain corporate balance sheets and income accounts are travesties on a true accounting, there will be mystery markets. Amateur speculators and investors will remain susceptible to the vague hints offered by superficial customers' men in brokers' offices and by professional tipsters. So long as the public lacks confidence that a prudent analysis of published corporate data will give the key to security values, the country will be subject to emotional finance, with the weird ups and downs that suggest hysteria and recurrent speculative manias. If a company is telling half the truth about earnings, outsiders in times of optimism might assume that the authentic facts are four times as favorable as the published ones. Accordingly, in the recent bull cycle common shares frequently sold at thirty or more times published earnings.

The point is illustrated by the Bancity Corporation episode last year. The stock had a spectacular rise, and an even more dramatic subsequent decline. Shortly after a setback of 120 points in the market price of the stock, the company reported for the first half of 1928 record-breaking success. During the earlier emotional rise, A. P. Giannini, president of the corporation, repeatedly warned against unwarranted speculation. Such warnings by executives are far less effective than a habitual policy of illuminating publicity.

The corporation, in setting up a balance-sheet value of $254,972,867 for its portfolio of securities, explained cryptically that the securities were taken up below cost of market value. The corporation, however, gave its stockholders no clue as to how much below cost or market value. However, it was understood that this writing down constituted a substantial hidden reserve, which officials of the company felt would offset any probable market depreciation in the value of securities held. The literal-minded stockholder, however, would be likely to misconstrue the meaning of the financial statement. On the other hand, the gullible might assume that the reserve was four times as large as it was.

In spite of conspicuous exceptions which go far to inform stockholders fully, unregulated industrial corporations as a whole do not follow as acceptable accounting standards as the railroads, which are required to conform with the uniform standards of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Unless corporations voluntarily improve their practices the demand for legislation to enforce accounting standards on industrial corporations seems inevitable. As a private institution, the New York Stock Exchange has sought to exert its influence in behalf of more revealing financial statements, and frequently the reports made by corporations to the listing committee of the New York Stock Exchange contain far more data than the periodical reports to stockholders. There is great unevenness in industrial reports. The successful companies with good news to report are usually the first to send out their statements. Some companies hesitate to publish fuller reports on the ground that so doing would give aid and comfort to competitors, but, if all companies were placed on the same basis in regard to letting in the full sunlight of publicity, the competitive disadvantages would for the most part disappear.

Some of the premier industrial corporations, which are conspicuously well managed and financed and which over a period of years have shown handsome profits to patient stockholders, have been penurious in the matter of giving out complete data to stockholders. The Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, the National Biscuit Company, the American Can Company, and Union Carbide and Chemical are among the companies that employ "conservative" accounting practices. The General Electric Company is also ultra conservative, but defends its position on the ground that it shows to stockholders precisely what it is doing. The company contends that it would be fooling its stockholders if it carried its plants at too high a figure, for it feels that they must be sacrificed when sold. As for securities and other items, it carefully explains its methods to stockholders, and makes it possible for them to make up their own minds how much they should add to nominal book value. The company not only gives the book value of plants, but also gives the cost figure. Some other companies do not do this.

Likewise, General Electric carries among its assets its securities holdings at deflated figures. To ascertain the present worth of General Electric, the stockholder must himself write up such assets. The company in its annual report reveals its method of valuing shares of associated companies for balance-sheet purposes, saying: "The method of valuing these securities has been the same for many years, that is at cost or an appraisal based upon the method followed by your company in appraising its own assets. Few of the securities of the associated companies are quoted in the market, and it has been the policy to write these few securities up or down

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with changes in the market. This principle has been adhered to in valuing 248,106 shares (before the proposed exchange of five shares for one) of the common stock of the Radio Corporation of America. These shares have been carried on the books at the same figure for many years, which is approximately cost at the time of their acquisition. The interest and dividends received from these associated companies amounted to $7,198,005.29, which is 7½ per cent of the value at which these investments are carried. If your company's proportion of all earnings of associated companies available for dividends, whether paid or not, had been taken into income, the increase would have been approximately $1.62 per share on the common stock of your company."

Thus the General Electric Company occupies a middle-of-the-road position. The nominal book value understates the value of the stock and the published earnings are ultra conservative, but in the accompanying remarks to stockholders the executives give clues to methods of finding the real values. The company carries its invaluable patents at $1, and its furniture and appliances at the same nominal figure.

At best balance sheets and income accounts are only statements of opinion—the opinion of the responsible directors of a company, subject to verification by outside certified public accountants. Accountants will usually point out any unusual addition to earnings, but are woefully lacking in a sense of responsibility in failing to point out analogous adjustments which abnormally reduce income.

As to this, Sir Josiah Stamp, who is now a director of the Bank of England, points out in his "Current Problems in Finance and Government," "Our modern fetish of a 'safe' or 'sound' balance sheet . . . lies in almost every line and yet is approved professionally because it overstates no assets and understates no liabilities, while it has valuable premises written down to negligible figures and reserves hidden in innumerable places, or profits 'held up' or 'tucked away.' 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' cannot be derived from the modern balance sheet so vaunted for its prudence; but prudence is just as possible without departing from what a balance sheet ought to be—a faithful record of the employment of the total capital invested in the business, whether as an original outlay or retained profits, from which the true rate of profit on invested capital can be determined."

On the Continent, companies go to extremes in hiding earnings and assets. In Germany, it is customary for companies to report as income an amount slightly in excess of dividend requirements. The old Mackay Company, which Clarence Mackay headed, used to follow a similar system. The operating subsidiaries would not publish their results. The holding company would take from subsidiaries an amount only slightly in excess of its own dividend requirements. All that the outside stockholder would learn was that either last year's earnings or accumulated surplus of subsidiaries justified payment of the stipulated dividends to the holding company. The outsiders got no real insight into the true earning situation.

Where a company publishes in its financial statements something less than the whole truth, it makes possible the manipulation of accounts in such a way as to facilitate the distribution of stock at a time that insiders might want to unload. For example, profits can be padded or reduced by taking up the inventory for more or less than it is worth in any one year. Eventually, however, hidden earnings will get into the balance sheet. Cutting down of inventories only accomplishes its purpose once or twice, not habitually.

Banks themselves are notorious offenders in the matter of hiding assets and earnings. Most large urban banks carry their real estate on their books far below its true value. A Chicago bank carries a $15,000,000 parcel of real estate among its assets at $1. On the other hand, one bank carried as an asset its equity in a building without disclosing the material fact that it bore a mortgage. Banks habitually write off large amounts as reserves against bad loans, without setting forth clearly to stockholders what their practice is. Many of the notes written off actually prove good.

Inadequate data concerning shares in subsidiary companies frequently deceive outside stockholders. One holding company reports that it owns control of a financial institution, but the balance sheet fails to reveal whether 51 per cent or 89 per cent of the stock of the subsidiary is owned. Other means of hiding earnings involve excessive charge-offs for reserves, depreciation, depletion, and similar items. Still another way is to charge to operating expenses items that are really capital expenditures. In 1928, for example, the net income reported by Sears, Roebuck and Company was artificially held down by a policy of charging off against the year's earnings the expenses incidental to the launching of a chain of retail stores.

Even the railroads, despite close supervision, are able to distort accounts somewhat in any particular year. For example, a company can hide earnings by charging off against operating expenses the loss entailed in scrapping equipment which has not yet been sufficiently depreciated on the books. To avoid doing this in 1927, John J. Bernet, president of the Erie Railroad, sought and obtained permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission to deduct $8,000,000 lost from such an operation from surplus, instead of charging it against operating expenses. The Erie, of course, was interested in rehabilitating its credit. On the other hand, most railroads, whose earnings are dependent on property value, are eager to build up their property account, rather than to charge off capital expenditures to earnings. The carriers can add to or detract from reported earnings by liberality or a skimping policy in respect to maintenance of equipment and maintenance of way. Roads, like the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, which are near the point of recapture of excess earnings, are inclined to be liberal. Perhaps from a strictly transportation standpoint such a policy is eminently wise, but it is well for stockholders to be conscious of varying policies among different carriers.

Although the public-utility corporations are regulated, there is a lack of uniformity in regard to proper depreciation charges, especially among the holding companies. The Columbia Gas and Electric Corporation, for example, makes relatively heavy deductions for depreciation, those of the Middle West Utilities Company are comparatively light.

As the ownership of American corporations becomes more widely diffused, there is an increasing moral obligation on the part of corporation executives to publish better financial reports, which will tend to put outsiders on a parity with insiders in respect to the changing facts about a company's prosperity or depression. It is important that such information be published promptly. Under present conditions, the prudent amateur will seek competent counsel.

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In the Driftway

PERHAPS it is because the Drifter does not read the local newspapers with sufficient care, but anyhow he failed to find in them a bit of news which amused him enough so that he is going to pass it on to his readers. Possibly other purposes than the edification of his readers enter into this decision. There is the substantial advantage, for instance, that retelling another fellow's story saves the Drifter the trouble of dragging out an idea of his own. Be that as it may, in glancing over a recent copy of *Porto Rico Progress* the Drifter noted a headline reading Boola Boos the Yankees, and underneath he read that

> Independentista marksmen in Porto Rico have fired some pretty hot shots in the course of the last twenty-five years at the United States, but it is doubtful if the Colossus of the North was ever the target for a more violent verbal bombardment than last Wednesday evening in the Central High School auditorium when three sons of Eli Yale, hypothetically at least Nordics, debating against the University of Porto Rico, took the stage to urge that Pan-Hispanism rather than Pan-Americanism held the key to Latin America's future happiness and prosperity.

* * * * *

THE Yale team spoke in Spanish, fluently the account says, and

> The attitude of the audience throughout the discussion was completely charming. Profoundly Spanish in thought and feeling, the men and women who gathered to hear the university debaters found huge enjoyment in listening to the tongue-lashing that Yale gave the Yankees, but not for a moment did they lose sight of the fact that three able-bodied, whole-souled, clear-headed undergraduates of the second oldest New England college, . . . were having the time of their lives pounding the daylight out of the American character, and the realization of this added to the kick that the audience got from the debate.

* * * * *

THE decision was by popular vote of the audience, and it takes no psychoanalyst to guess that the Yale team won, although by the close vote of 371 to 369. The reporter of the debate goes on to explain:

> The representatives of the island university did an excellent piece of work, but they faced a psychologically difficult situation. Their job was to convince the Porto Rican audience that Spanish America could be made happier by Pan-Americanism than by Pan-Hispanism. Two things seemed fairly apparent, that they didn't like the job any too well and that the audience preferred not to be convinced. . . .
>
> As for Pan-Americanism while they gave evidence of a reasonably high regard for it, there was perhaps a tendency to damn it with faint praise. They built the case for it on a foundation of economic benefits and when finished the structure looked solid if not imposing or ornate. But for show purposes it couldn't compare with the Yale trio's picture of the malignant Yankee dragon belching devouring flames at the gallant and unconquerable Santiago.

* * * * *

THERE seems to be no question that an enjoyable evening was had by all. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Alimony and Pride

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss de Ford's article on Why Take Alimony cites cases of alimony victims with whom I am in heartiest sympathy. I belong to a husband one-third of whose moderate income goes for alimony to my predecessor and their two children. Formerly one-half was required of us but it worked a severe hardship because of many matters too intricate to name here, and after a year's legal battling this reduction was secured. I have thus seen the matter from the short-end angle, but I knew that if I were an ex-wife with two children I should expect some financial provision.

Miss de Ford rushes from the abuses of alimony to her non sequitur conclusion that women should be "jealous of an austere pride" and get on as best they may without an ex-husband's aid. It is utterly absurd in the face of reality to quote Racine and to talk as though women had an equal chance with men in the economic world; and even if they had a chance roughly equal, the nervous and biological inequalities (whether permanent or temporary matters little here) remain. We may live longer than men, if there is any truth in statistics, but we are obviously not negotiable as long as they. A woman who commands love after thirty-five is exceptional; a man may hope to command it as long as he is able to pay the carrying expenses. If a man fails in a business venture he can start again. If a woman fails in her marriage she may not be able to start again. The market is glutted with youth.

A remedy does not lie in any austere pride. There are delicate matters of standards of living and fitness for job-holding not covered in Miss de Ford's statement that "none but a miser would demand alimony and continue a self-supporting life as well." Many women might be partially self-supporting who would be unable to be wholly so. We can't all be interior decorators and tea-room managers. And what of the army intelligence tests? If so many of us are morons can we ever hope to look the world in the face? A remedy may lie in a different economic organization of society; but not in austere pride.

New York, May 2 GLADYS SOUTHARD

"Polish Vandalism"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Max Bahr's note on Polish Vandalism I recall my visit at Warsaw, at the end of 1925, when despite the financial difficulties of the country the authorities kept on spending millions of zloty for the demolition of the Russian cathedral on the Saxon Square. Day after day I witnessed the frantic attempts of the Poles to destroy the walls that had been built for eternity. Ordinary dynamite had no effect on them, and the employment of more violent explosives caused alarm and broken panes through the neighborhood. To my inquiry as to whether the magnificent edifice might not be converted into a Roman Catholic church or some museum, I was told by the president of the Polish Pen Club that the state was not willing to tolerate any survivals of Russian oppression. The Saxon Square is now cleared for military parades. I am afraid Herr Bahr does not appreciate the Polish temperament, when he makes an appeal in the name of common sense and peace.

Berkeley, California, April 2 ALEXANDER KAUN

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Paris Diversions

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The flu in Paris hath its advantages. Serious literature is out of the question. One reads the *Herald Tribune* from the daily sex-stories of that sweet Christian soul of the Cadman syndicate to the luncheons which encourage international amity by bringing the Grand Duke Pavel Petrowich to the hospitable board of Mrs. Moritz Feilchenstam and by allowing Mrs. Peter McGinnis to act as hostess to Cynthia Lady Huckelberry. Also if one searches long enough one may find a little chunk of the truth, as witness the following item carefully copied from today's *Herald Tribune*: . . . "Secretary Mellon of the Treasury was advised today by the Department of Justice that merchant vessels used as common carriers in which illicit shipments of opinion had been found were not subject to government seizure." "Illicit opinion" therefore can continue to be imported into our glorious republic without further risk than the mere confiscation of the offending article of contraband. The ship, however, will suffer no further damage. All of which is a consolation even with the thermometer at 101 in the shade.

Paris, March 18 Hendrik Willem van Loon

"Young Love" Again

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Raphaelson must have had his tongue in his cheek when he talked to the Philadelphia censorship committee about his "nice clean comedy about adultery" entitled "Young Love." Either that, or else he is surprisingly naive. I abhor censorship, but I cannot blame the committee for being unimpressed by the argument that the play would drive home the moral that "the wages of sexual experiment are misery."

Far from being frightened into chastity, the young people of Philadelphia would be made that much more familiar with the idea of sex-experimenting, and considering themselves cleverer than the unfortunate victims in the drama, would proceed with their quest for pleasure that much better informed as to just what mistakes to avoid. Clumsy and ill-informed individuals make failures out of business, marriage, or almost anything they undertake, including adultery. The more intelligent ones do better. An alarming number of them are trying adultery and liking it. I'm afraid Mr. Raphaelson's play can do nothing for the conventional morality of yesterday. The gentlemen of Philadelphia may well be perturbed. For they can do nothing for it either.

New Braunfels, Texas, April 2 Philip N. Rawson

Zero and Infinity

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to point out an inaccuracy in Mr. Krutch's otherwise admirable review of "Street Scene." Mathematicians do not "tell us that zero is still zero even after it has been multiplied by infinity." Zero times infinity, like infinity divided by infinity, is an indeterminate quantity. That is to say, it may be zero, or any other number, or even infinity; and it is said to be zero only in special cases where this value is determined by the individual conditions of the mathematical problem.

Frankfort, Indiana, March 3 John McKinsey

A Spring List of Good Books

The Aftermath (1918-1928)
by Winston S. Churchill
Author of "The World Crisis," etc.
"The most careful analysis of the world's difficulties which any writer has produced since the Versailles gathering." —J. W. T. Mason in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. $5.00

The Re-discovery of America, by Waldo Frank
Author of "Rahab," "Our America," etc.
An introduction to a philosophy of American life. "One of the most vigorous positive criticisms of our civilization that has been made."—Lewis Mumford in the *New York Herald Tribune*. $3.00

Three Reformers
LUTHER, DESCARTES, ROUSSEAU
by Jacques Maritain
"Maritain is the most conspicuous figure and probably the most powerful force in contemporary philosophy." —T. S. Eliot in *The New Criterion*. $2.50

The Western Way
The Accomplishment and Future of Modern Democracy
by Frederic Jesup Stimson
A masterly analysis of the quality of democratic governments and a timely discussion of the problems faced by modern democracies throughout the world. $3.50

Round Up, THE STORIES OF Ring W. Lardner
"Lardner is pre-eminently our best short-story writer. . . . 'Round Up' gives the full measure of his talent." —John Chamberlain in the *New York Times*.
35 stories. 467 pages. $2.50

A Native Argosy
by Morley Callaghan
Fourteen stories and two short novels by the author of "Strange Fugitive."
"No one to-day . . . is more brilliantly finding the remarkable in the ordinary than Morley Callaghan. Here is magnificently the seeing eye."—Sinclair Lewis in the *New York Herald Tribune*. $2.50

The Road, by André Chamson
Translated by Van Wyck Brooks
"A French 'Growth of the Soil.' . . . A novel of perpetual delight . . . not to be passed by."—Percy Hutchison in the *New York Times*. $2.00

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Books, the Dance, and Plays

October 14, 1928

(For K. MacL.)

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Now it is ten years you have lain in the meadow.
The boards at your face have gone through. The grass is
Rooted down and the sound of the rain is fainter.
The roots of the first grass are dead.

Here too it is ten years. They are writing
Books on the war now that are Literature.
They are showing the war-time German Heart in the
Movies.
Art is shedding its pure light.

Everything is explained politely with wisdom.
The war was caused by an error of economics.
The British have taken back the blacker atrocities.
The Past is shown for what it is.

We are all acting again like civilized beings.
The new girls (they were six in the war) are bored with it.
The young men are free from passions and prejudice—
People mention it at tea.

Everyone talks in the finest way without bias.
Reason and tolerance heal the old sores.
We note the needless stupidity now of the slaughter:
We feel for those who had to die.

Now it is ten years you have lain in the meadow.
The earth is trod down and the sound of the rain is
Fainter than still tongues and tears that have fallen.
Now, you are dead.

This Week

Black and White

CLAUDE McKAY has lived in many countries. He has watched life with eyes that are curious and appraising, and felt it with the tentacles of his sensitive perceptions. Wherever he has gone he has taken with him his sense of race difference and has tried to analyze its effects on him and his friends, white and black, and on the culture and ways of life around him. But at the same time, while he has scrutinized and weighed and discriminated, he has also lived. He carries with him not only a mind and a delicate set of nerve-ends, but a strong, rich impulse to feel directly and with a simple gusto undiluted with criticism. His personality, as it gleams through his words, is a complex prism of eager, forthright responses and restless speculation. It is not easy to say which element is dominant, but I would venture to guess that he is a person of strong and uncomplicated emotions who has become analytical and sharply intuitive through the conflicts which arise from his status as a Negro in a white world. If these conflicts had not pressed upon him and bent his attention to the problems of social and emotional adjustment, Claude McKay might have been a fine lyric poet, so eager is his sense of the color and movement and warmth of life. In his best verse this element is uppermost and in his novels it is the quality that clings to the reader. Consciously as well as unconsciously he takes his stand with those who love to live; he argues for the joys of passion and song and dance, he makes hymns to the sun and prays to a barrel of sweet wine on the docks at Marseilles. But neither wine nor love nor laughter is enough to conquer the sharp despairs that arise in a man who is resentfully aware of prejudice and social injustice. In other words only a superman or a very simple man could avoid these conflicts; and Claude McKay is neither.

I read "Banjo"* with the same mixture of joy and discomfort that comprised my feeling about "Home to Harlem." Here is an unforgettable picture of waterfront life in Marseilles where seamen and drifters of all races and nations live in a conglomerate mass "bumming a day's work, a meal, a drink, existing from hand to mouth, anyhow, any way, between box car, tramp ship, bistro, and bordel." "'Hot damn,' cried Banjo, 'What a town this heah is to spread joy in!'" Careless love and jazz and the warm, red wine that flows from the barrels on the docks; fights and sudden death and hunger and disease, mingled without order or restraint or end—this is the life of the Provençal port. All of it Claude McKay pours richly into the pages of the book. He has achieved a fine piece of characterization and description, depending for its effect upon a sure mastery of the material rather than on any particular sense of direction or of form. As life sprawls in the Ditch and on the breakwater, so does Claude McKay's story sprawl. But larded in between image and episode is the inevitable commentary. Always intelligent, it nevertheless seems an intrusion, perhaps because the author, in the role of analyst, sounds self-conscious and a little ill at ease.

The fact is, I am wary of this author's conclusions in regard to racial attributes and the relations between human beings of different nations and colors. He shares with his brothers of the Klan a dangerous proclivity to generalize—only he reverses the values. To him the Negro is superior in all that appears important: a capacity to feel and enjoy, to be generous and expressive, to be warm and irresponsible, to live without shame or inner repression. To him the white man is possessed of the timid, frigid virtues: pride, ambition, efficiency, acquisitiveness. But is this true enough to be accepted as universal or even general? And are Negroes—even when out from under the restraints of white policemen and white bosses—the uninhibited children of joy that Claude McKay believes? He points in one place to the conduct of certain Africans in Marseilles freed from the "ancient tribal taboos." ". . . Turned loose in an atmosphere of prostitution and perversion and trying to imitate the white monkeys, it was no wonder they were very ugly." How different in kind is their behavior from that of the white riff-raff of the port, cut off from their native countries and the standards of their native culture, earning a living or

(Continued on page 619)

* Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

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finding a thrill in the easy vice of the *boites de nuit?* And is the same Senegalese tribesman in his home necessarily more free and ardent and unprejudiced than a Methodist preacher in a Tennessee hill town? Blacks and whites alike rear their taboos and then flounder into chaos without them.

Because his interest is intense and his intelligence alert it might be Claude McKay's privilege—since he repudiates the task of pure creation—to answer the doubts aroused by these assumptions. He has moved from Jamaica to Harlem and from Harlem to Marseilles—each a step in the direction of more complete race-consciousness and experience. Why does he now not take a final step and live in the center of an African community; live there wholly and without reserve; feel and see, and then come to fresh and perhaps more authentic conclusions about the racial characteristics of blacks and whites?

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Karl Marx in American Thought

Karl Marx. His Life and Work. By Otto Rühle. The Viking Press. $5.

IT is the fashion with us to pooh-pooh Karl Marx. There is hardly a freshwater college in the land which cannot boast a local Boehm-Bawerk, superior to Marx's "fallacies," which is a good deal like dismissing Isaac Newton with the Hertzian waves. To my knowledge, there is not a single great American university which offers a competent course in socialist theory. There is, come to think of it, nobody to give it, unless Professor Mitchell at Columbia cared to prepare it or Professor Perlman at Wisconsin could rid himself of his fears. Socialist theory in America today, if we except the esoteric influence of Veblen and some of the earlier works of Hillquit, is at the mercy of a dozen or so academic manikins, pretending to an ornamental curiosity about a system so ingeniously deceptive, and to one or two doctrinaire socialist pundits. In the minds of even intelligent Americans Marx is a sort of economic Dr. Caligari, a fantastic German savant, half crazed by his own ponderosity, a fit target for Mr. Mencken's uproarious shafts as the abstruse bore of "Das Kapital"; whose first volume, incidentally, Mr. Mencken really should read, for no one would appreciate more hugely its vituperative genius.

It is thus we gauge Marx's influence on American thought. It is supposedly a mere truism that "socialism" never has had and never will have any "influence" in this country. But that depends, of course, entirely on what we mean by "socialism" and also by "influence." If by socialism we hold the popular view of it as a sort of scientific looting expedition under police protection against "rugged individualism"; or if we confine it to the technical maledictions of the Communist Society of Jesus against the Yeshiva of the Socialist Party; and if by "influence" we mean nothing more subtle than the bond between Tammany Hall and Mayor Walker, then indeed socialism means nothing in American life. But to the historian of social theory, this view of it is about as convincing as that other platitudinous observation that Christianity has had no influence on this country because Dr. Cadman's canned homiletics is nothing like the Sermon on the Mount or because army chaplains do not act like Christian martyrs. Vast social movements are significant because their inner historicity can hold all contradictions. What marks them is an ideological nexus.

In this philosophical sense socialist theory has had an incalculable influence on our industrial democracy, on our organized labor movement, and even on many of our daily economic notions. In theory, that is in economic theory and not in the head of Mr. Matthew Woll, American trade unionism is nothing in the world but a primitive form of anarcho-syndicalism, primitive in its craft jealousies and anarcho-syndicalist, indeed more anarchist than syndicalist, in its belief in the non-political and purely economic weapon of the strike and in insatiable collective bargaining as a pragmatic aim. No matter what the labor oligarchy may think it thinks, without an ultimate readiness for violence the strike has no sense; without an implicit, no matter how unwitting, indictment of the profit system chronic collective bargaining has no meaning; and the Gompers battle-cry of "more and more" is merely a naive version of the more or less discarded Marxian conception of surplus value. Provided we have an infinitely vigilant regard for the cultural disparities between European and American history, the historic struggle of our organized labor movement against its inner socialist opposition is the traditional fight between anarcho-syndicalism and more or less conventional socialism, the old struggle of thesis and antithesis, mutually indispensable. In European labor the socialist tendencies proved dominant and with us they proved recessive. Indeed the fundamentally disingenuous anarchism of our labor movement is gradually liquidating it in the ever more powerful atmosphere of American capital before our very eyes. But without the Marxian base the social metabolism even of American labor would be unthinkable. Think away social democratic doctrine and only a fabulist could write the story of American labor or even the tale of the simplest strike.

Our conventional critical notions of contemporary American civilization, which the radical holds and the conservative protests, are beaten through with social-democratic concepts. The widely current presuppositions of the impotence of liberalism; of the preposterousness of "scientific" philanthropy, a direct descendant of mid-nineteenth century Utopian socialism; of the deep inner contradiction in the capitalist reformation through company unionism and other such devices; of the intellectual predicament of the "modernist" church; all these critical attitudes can be traced directly to Marxian influences. Above all, that ominous anxiety of our times, whether it be right or wrong, that the arrow of history, sharpened by the scientific temper and dipped in the spirit of social rationalism, is fatally directed at the heart of the profit system is a typical Marxian ideograph. The shadow of Marx on the American scene is phantastically transmogrified, but to deny its darkness is insensitive.

It is for these reasons that some acquaintance with Marx and social-democratic theory, with its innumerable winds of doctrine blowing in each others' paths, should be popularized in this country as a simple task in adult education. And Rühle's volume is good enough for the purpose. Like every other biographer of Marx, he manages somehow to bring out the world-shaking importance of the man. He shows the folly of estimating his significance entirely by the logic of his system. Marx was not a professor but a movement. In his statement of Marxian doctrine, often in direct quotation, Rühle is selectively intelligent. He cannot help but bring out Marx's epic struggles against the great figures of his age and his equally passionate but absurd struggles against mere pigmies. The heroic devotion of Engels comes out magnificently. We get a clear picture of the tragic and abject economic poverty of the Marx household. And we get even a clearer picture of Marx the egotist, vindictively self-righteous, a bitter, cantankerous, often unfair and usually nasty genius, but withal an authentically tragic and great figure.

Yet this is far from being a great biography. And the bark of the jacket that here "for the first time" we can meet "Marx as a man" is so much ballyhoo. There is probably a good deal of truth in the author's contention that Marx's chronic indigestion tended to make him splenetic. But the old accusation that his Jewish origin and appearance made him profoundly anti-

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Semitic is quite untrue. Marx never discriminated against Jews. He exposed, with cutting brilliance, the intrinsic reaction of Judaism, which is quite another matter. And Rühle's labored point that Marx suffered the inevitable "inferiority complex" of the first-born child seems to me even more far-fetched. The most interesting observation the author makes is that Marx's woeful incapacity to adjust his own economic life was one of the psychic motives for his creation of a system, in which all may find economic justice. But on the whole Rühle simply lays Marx for a brief half hour on Dr. Alfred Adler's psychoanalytic couch, and the resulting diagnosis is rather thin. When Marx gets up he is the same Karl Marx: colossal, great except in his psychological insight, and as an individual inexplicable. The man Marx escaped Rühle faster even than he escaped Mehring's far sharper pen.

It is, I believe, the gigantic labor of Marx, the fact that Marx is so hidden in his Marxism, which explains why his brilliant mind undoubtedly leaves us cold. One has the feeling that his loves, his magnificent hates, his friendships, his remarkable wit and irony, his stomach troubles, that everything about him was simply part of a theoretical system. Nothing so alien as monumental intellectual labor is ever quite human to us. It is men and women and not works which really fascinate. By their works ye shall know them, but by their works alone ye shall not understand them.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Great Diary

The Diary of John Quincy Adams, 1794-1845. Edited by Allan Nevins. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

"THE DIARY OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS" has never been as well known as it deserved to be. The twelve volumes of the only issue offered a formidable task to the student, an even greater one to the reader, and they have long been out of print and quoted at a price beyond the means of the many. It followed naturally that the "Diary" has been consulted rather than read, and more has been made of its high spots than of its rich historical material. With a turn for drawing pen pictures of his contemporaries, and with a host of political enemies open to such description, the work has been termed a "treasury of damnations." It is really much more. For it is the greatest American political diary we have, kept by one whose long public services, at home and abroad, gave him the opportunity and the schooling required for such a record. As a New Englander he had a moral sense—his contemporaries thought it a little too highly developed for the party conditions of the day. As a tireless student and reader he possessed critical ability and kept his interest in the classics to his last years. Having mixed with men in many countries and conditions, and tasted of political persecution and public ingratitude, he recognized the motives of action, seeing them sometimes in too dark colors. He made mistakes in his judgments, yet his very errors only bring out the general correctness of his scrutiny and discrimination. He did not spare himself. The following entry in the year 1833 was almost echoed by his grandson, Henry Adams, without the saving clause:

> In the multitudinous whimseys of a disabled mind and body, the thick-coming fancies often occur to me that the events which affect my life and adventures are specially shaped to disappoint my purposes. My whole life has been a succession of disappointments. I can scarcely recollect a single instance of success to anything that I ever undertook. Yet, with fervent gratitude to God, I confess that my life has been equally marked by great and signal successes which I neither aimed at nor anticipated.

It was a happy thought to attempt to compress the twelve volumes into one and thus, by selection, make the "Diary" more accessible. This has been done by Mr. Nevins, who has written himself on the period covered by the "Diary." While no two persons would make the same omissions or comments, and no student would depend upon a compressed record, Mr. Nevins has shown intelligence in making his selections and has produced a most readable volume. Enough is given to show Adams's career in the many high offices he held—as diplomat, Senator, Secretary of State, and member of Congress—as well as to indicate his conscientious examination of self, his sensibility to hostile and friendly influences, his strong likes and dislikes, and his self-humiliation under rejection by party and people. A true nationalist, he could not stand with either of the great parties, then in a state of change. Not being a party man, he was suspected of party disloyalty and his support shifted with the fortunes of partisan warfare. At last he rested secure as the representative of the Quincy district and performed his greatest service on the side of freedom. The "Diary" expresses the man. His faults are displayed at full length by his own hand; his virtues must be discovered in good part from the same record, but to an equal degree from the history of the time and the memoirs of his contemporaries. The temptation to quote liberally from his pages is strong, but extracts would be unjust to him and to the reader.

Unfortunately the new volume is not what it should be. The notes are inadequate in number and in quality. What was omitted in the text often required to be summarized in a note to make the story complete. The original issue, edited by the elder Charles Francis Adams, gave a text that was above criticism, remarkably few errors having been found in it. In Mr. Nevins's volume there are a number of serious lapses, indicative of haste or carelessness. The inauguration of Madison is placed under December 4, 1808 (p. 59); the omission of *he* makes "as perhaps there is not quite satisfied" meaningless (p. 91); George III is made to reign sixteen instead of sixty years (p. 233); *not* is omitted from the description of Canning, leading to his being a man "of extraordinary parts" instead of the opposite (p. 296); two lines have been dropped from a paragraph on p. 356, reducing what is printed to unintelligibility; Paymaster-General in text becomes Postmaster-General in note on p. 389; Benton's *object* of the original is altered to Benton's objection (p. 401); French accents of the Adams publication are omitted and a number of names are misspelled. Such errors are likely to raise doubt upon the accuracy of the text and that would be unfortunate.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

The Fatal Subject

Russian Literature and the Jew. By Joshua Kunitz. Columbia University Press. $3.

WITH a formidable array of illustrations Mr. Kunitz sets out to prove his thesis: the Jew has not received adequate treatment at the hands of Russian writers. He was treated with contempt by Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevsky; with hatred by Krestovsky and others of his ilk; with offensively sweetish pity by more recent writers, since the eighteen eighties. For this matter, one may ask, has the Jew fared better elsewhere? The Gentile portrayal of Jews runs, approximately, the gamut of Shakespeare—Lessing—George Eliot—James Joyce—Hemingway, a gamut with hatred, contempt, pity as its dominant notes, the note of understanding sounding hopelessly flat. The Jew has been an enigma for the Gentile, an unfathomable alien. It has remained for a Nordau, a Zangwill, an Henri Bernstein, a Yushkevich, a Wassermann, a Ludwig Lewisohn to attempt a genuine appraisal

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of the "island within." The results have not been invariably happy, but in any event these men have managed to model flesh and blood individuals.

Mr. Kunitz's admirable study makes one wonder at the fatal effect which the Jew as a subject matter has had on literary talent. Such an "omnihuman" (Dostoevsky's word) poet as Pushkin, such an urbane Good European as Turgenev, stooped to medieval cliches in depicting villainous, cringing, greedy Jews. To be sure, neither of them had known Jews in real life (although Pushkin had met certain Jewesses of light behavior, and to them he sang some of his best erotic lines). Gogol had seen Jews in his native Ukraine, and his Yankel, in "Taras Bulba," reflects the typically Ukrainian, burlesque attitude toward the Jew. The apostle of pain and pity, Dostoevsky, felt equally at home with saints and criminals, provided they were Greek Orthodox; his tolerance left him when he dealt with Poles or Jews or Germans. Isay is the only caricature in the gruesome yet sympathetic gallery of convicts, in the "House of the Dead." If such was the case of Russia's greatest (Tolstoy did not attempt to draw any Jewish characters), what could be expected of the minor writers, with a narrower scope of human understanding? Men like Krestovsky and Pisemsky observed some Jewish *nouveaux riches* in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and drew virulent generalizations against the Jewish people as a whole. On the other hand, more recent Russian writers have been prone to idealize the Jews, out of sympathy for their wretched conditions in the Pale of Settlement. The idealization was dictated by Christian sentiments, hence the Jews were predominantly endowed with such virtues as meekness, penury, and saccharine godliness. I do not agree with Mr. Kunitz's sweeping denial of literary merits to the Jewish characters of Korolenko, Gorky, or Andreyev, but there is no gainsaying the fact that these authors, and even the greatest knower of men, Chekhov, are apt to strike a false note when they touch on the "fatal subject." Tolstoy's wisdom, in not venturing into the unknown, may merit emulation.

ALEXANDER KAUN

Various People Look at Marriage

The Doctor Looks at Marriage and Medicine. By Joseph Collins, M. D. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

The Bankruptcy of Marriage. By V. F. Calverton The Macaulay Company. $3.

Family Life To-Day. Edited by Margaret E. Rich. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

JOSEPH COLLINS—the doctor who has looked at literature, love, life, biography, and doctors—joined during the past publishing season ten other people in looking at the institution of marriage. He can't be expected, of course, to see eye to eye with the radical V. F. Calverton, author of "The Bankruptcy of Marriage." But one might at least expect him to see eye to eye with himself and not to present in the first half of his "The Doctor Looks at Marriage and Medicine" more conflict and confusion of opinion than nine separate contributors manage to get into a collection of articles published under the title of "Family Life To-Day."

Unfortunately for the doctor, he seems to be a battleground for regiments of perfectly proper attitudes and battalions of clinical observations on the miseries of conventional society. He starts with the properly conditioned notion that marriage—doubtless like flood, pestilence, war, and the Republican Party—"is a disciplinary measure devised by God to promote man's self-realization and perpetuation." On divorce he is as sound as Bishop Manning: "If marriage can be dissolved for the wishing, our character is sure to suffer." On the other hand, there are pages in Collins's book which look on marriage with the realism of the scientist. He recognized how evil it is that "children and young adults are vouchsafed no information by their parents about matrimony. They have to learn to play the most difficult of all games without the smallest instruction." "Marriage," says this doctor who has watched husbands and wives go to ruin, "is an art. It is the only art in which one is expected to become proficient without having received any instruction. This is preposterous." Not very many pages away, however, Collins is plunging into the wildest of contradictions and the sloppiest of thinking. He suggests that parents could choose husbands for their daughters more successfully than can the girls themselves, because parents would be guided by solid qualities, and eight pages further along he declares that from his neurological experience "the sexual relation of man and wife is the keystone of the matrimonial arch."

Naturally enough birth control produces more astigmatic confusion in this medical observer than any other aspect of the sexual life. "Immediate pleasure," he believes, "is the essential element"—on page 41. Yet on page 42: "When the hedonic and the procreative aspects unite, perfect beauty results. When they are separated, the participants are officiating at the altar of ugliness." "No one," he says in the middle of page 43, "can practice any form of contraception, save relative continence, habitually, without being injured spiritually, and few without being injured bodily." At the bottom of the same page he concedes that normal sexual relations are more than the gratification of animal appetite, that they contribute to an adjustment on every plane—physical, mental, and emotional—an adjustment that is absolutely indispensable if marriage is to be a success." Are Dr. Collins's women patients, therefore, to be condemned to some ten to twenty pregnancies? Not on page 48; for there he sees that "from the point of view of civilization, world-betterment, it is absolutely true that birth control is desirable." But, stepping over to the top of page 49, Collins observes: "Birth control fosters selfishness, facilitates egocentrism." Fortunately, close to the end of his observations on marriage, the neurologist is back on the job, hoping the poor may learn about contraceptives and grow intelligent enough to be trusted with them and he envisions through the practice of birth control "a degree of civilization and enlightenment the like of which we have never known."

In spite of all this there is plenty of wisdom in "The Doctor Looks at Marriage"—wisdom on the evils of celibate teachers, schools and colleges where girls are separated from the other sex, too much and too constant intimacy in married life, ignorance, and superstition about sex. Collins writes easily and sententiously, but unfortunately he does not write or think scientifically. His sentences, even his paragraphs, could be put into a hat and drawn out in a new order without making much change in the total effect of his work.

Is this "wishful criticism"? Am I attacking Dr. Collins's mind and method because I dislike his point of view? Let me say then that "The Bankruptcy of Marriage"—which comes far closer to my own prejudices—is just as badly argued as Dr. Collins's book. Through chapter after chapter Calverton repeats and mingles half-truths about jazz and the industrial revolution, bourgeois morality and the machine age, the flapper and parked automobiles. He takes figures on prostitution, abortions, divorce, and illicit intercourse that are very far from complete or conclusive and uses them or discards them as they suit his purpose. On one page the decline in prostitution is offered as one of the effects of the decay of marriage. On the next "the terrific growth of prostitution in the last few centuries" attests "the bankruptcy of the marital institution."

Yet, by and large, Calverton's thesis is sound: "the marriage of modern monogamy, of the binding contract variety . . .

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has broken down and today is bankrupt." His fault is one of over-statement in the process of over-elaboration. Fortunately when he reaches his last page he is sobered by the prospect of a conclusion, and comes out with a weighed and temperate summary. And nothing but good should be said for the five chapters in which he presents the new morality of Soviet Russia.

After two writers have spent almost five hundred pages on ideas that could have and should have been more clearly expressed in two hundred, we have nine writers in "Family Life To-Day" saying much more in less space. Jennings of Johns Hopkins, Ogburn and Douglas of Chicago, Groves of Chapel Hill, Muste of Brookwood, and Schweinitz, Adie, Miss Richmond, and Mrs. Fisher, all busy at one time or another with social work, are represented by papers read at the conference in Buffalo which celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of family social work in America. There is no room here to summarize all that these varied minds contribute. But it is worth noting—in the light of the contributions of Collins and Calverton— how often these trained observers of family life call for a scientific study of the normal marriage, happy and unhappy.

KENNETH MACGOWAN

"Pride of Her Sex"

Harriet Martineau, An Essay in Comprehension. By Theodora Bosanquet. The Chaucer Head. $7.50.

IT is strange that so important a personage as Harriet Martineau has escaped until recently the pursuit of biographers in search of a subject, and still more remarkable that her personality and achievements as a forerunner of the feminist movement are so little known. The homes and haunts of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Ruskin, and Shelley, and even Felicia Hemans, in the English Lake District are overrun by swarms of inquisitive tourists, but it is difficult to find anyone who can point out "The Knoll" at Ambleside where Miss Martineau lived and from where she sent out her important books and pamphlets. Miss Martineau's "Autobiography," written when she was old and ill, intended to explain and justify her life to her own satisfaction, did not do justice to her fine and generous nature. It is time that her real accomplishments and her relation to the woman's movement should be recorded by a modern biographer who can depict her life in dispassionate perspective. This Miss Bosanquet has done with gentle irony and keen understanding.

Guizot, Minister of Public Education in France, a century ago, said that Miss Martineau afforded the only instance on record of a woman having substantially affected legislation otherwise than through some clever man. Carlyle wrote to Emerson that Miss Martineau was a "genuine little poetess buckrammed, swathed like a mummy into Socinian and political economy formulas, yet verily alive inside of that." Does the still somewhat self-conscious feminist, rejoicing in the privileges and influence recently acquired by the modern woman, realize that about a century ago a little, pale, deaf woman, for many years an invalid, without the senses of taste or smell, wrote sixteen hundred and forty-two leading articles for the London *Daily Mail* on "education, agriculture, foreign policy, economics, and anything else she liked"? Her articles on British Rule in India were published in a volume afterward. It is said that during the Civil War Harriet Martineau did more by her articles to keep England on the side of the North than anyone else. She was reluctantly converted to this cause when visiting Boston. She wrote forty-four books, chiefly on political and economic subjects, in addition to her newspaper articles, and she was long a recognized influence in English political life.

Thackeray expressed his regret that Miss Martineau had not shown better judgment in choosing her parents, but however unsympathetic they may have been, her finest characteristics may be traced to her Huguenot ancestors who went to Norwich, England, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Harriet, herself, was born in Norwich on June 12, 1802, in the same house where Elizabeth Fry first saw the light in 1780. Her father was a manufacturer of bombazines and her mother a stern, unyielding Amazon who is said to have wept only once, when Lord Nelson died. Although Harriet was obliged to spend a large part of her girlhood on the fine needlework that was considered a necessary occupation for gentlewomen, she was able to profit by the opportunities for education which were available under local tutors.

She began writing articles for print to console herself for the absences of her beloved brother James. To her surprise they were accepted and printed from the first. In one essay contest she took all of the three prizes. At twenty-seven she wrote: "After long and mature deliberation, I have determined that my chief subordinate object in life shall henceforth be the cultivation of my intellectual powers, with a view to the instruction of others by writing." She decided to rise early, to economize her time, and to study all branches of knowledge and not to neglect social life and keen observation. Not a bad program for a woman who desires political influence! She decided that she might ameliorate the condition of the poor by acquainting them with the principles of political economy as taught by Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Malthus and determined to write diverting tales illustrating these ideas. These tales, rejected at the beginning by the publishers, were later extremely successful. She had so much mail in regard to them that the Norwich postmaster asked her to send for it with a wheelbarrow. In London the Lord Chancellor called upon her. Reformers of all kinds besieged her. She became a social lion.

England at the time was suffering from the effects of the Napoleonic wars and also from its own corn laws, poor laws, game laws, and sharp class distinctions. Manufacturers were careless of the health of their workmen. Two hundred crimes were punishable with death. There was no difficulty in finding subjects for the stories. One of her tales recommended birth control in a vague way, which horrified a large number of readers. She was urged to go to the United States to study happier conditions of society there and to bring back new ideas of prison reform. Armed with introductions she departed for a two years' tour. She became greatly concerned about American women and "longed to provide their passive minds and inert bodies with education, responsibility, and exercise. She thirsted to see them enfranchised." She was a great believer in preparing women for their duties. She was convinced that the rights of women would be recognized in time and that "women would have a voice in framing the laws they obeyed."

On her return she wrote a book, which remains one of the most remarkable and historically useful, on "Society in America." A long period of invalidism followed and the building of her home in the Lake District. She believed herself to have been cured by mesmerism of heart symptoms that would otherwise have been fatal. Her family and especially her brother James were distressed at her "notions." The real facts have long been a puzzling mystery, but Miss Bosanquet's investigations have led her to believe that Miss Martineau had an abdominal growth which increased and changed its position, relieving her suffering, at the time when mesmerism was tried, an ingenious theory and quite possible. Miss Bosanquet has thrown much additional light on disputed points by a study of contemporary letters, medical reports, and the "Letters" of James Martineau. Miss Martineau forced her friends to destroy her letters, but her brother James declined to accede to her request.

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The style of some of Miss Martineau's books seems stilted and old-fashioned to us, but many of her ideas are still modern. From a Unitarian belief she tended more and more toward "philosophical atheism," and when she died it was with the calm assurance that all was over. Miss Nightingale rejoiced that great surprises were in store for Harriet in the next world! Miss Martineau was both hated and beloved, but was always a leader into new ways of thinking and living. Miss Bosanquet's style is admirable, showing all of the virtues of the new biography without its faults.

LUCY HUMPHREY SMITH

Primitive States of Mind

The "Soul" of the Primitive. By Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. The Macmillan Company. $5.

"L'AME PRIMITIVE" has here been made more readily accessible to English readers in an adequate translation by Lilian A. Clare. Professor Lévy-Bruhl develops further his general theory of "collective representations"—that is of concepts current in social groups; and of "participation"—that is of the tendency of primitive man to form diffused concepts which do not allow a clear distinction between various spheres of experience. He applies these viewpoints to the concept of the "soul" as viewed by primitive people. A vast array of data has been assembled by the author to show that primitive man has no clear idea of his individuality. This is illustrated by data relating to the conceptualization of the objective world, the relations between man and his social group, concepts of life and death, and others that have a bearing upon this subject.

The mental characteristics of primitive man have been the subject of much speculation and Professor Lévy-Bruhl's theories have been widely accepted. It may be well to emphasize the difference between his views and those of other anthropologists.

The author studies primitive mentality throughout by means of a discussion of current beliefs, assuming these to be a direct expression of primitive psychology. Other investigators will insist that a clear distinction should be made between the individual psychological behavior of primitive man, his behavior when acting in masses, and current beliefs. If it were true that current beliefs are entirely determined by the mentality of primitive man, we should expect that the forms of belief found in any one district should be repeated everywhere. Exceptional forms, particularly if widely spread over continuous areas, would weaken our belief in the theory that the concepts can be explained as necessary expressions of primitive mentality; they would rather appear as historically conditioned.

In an investigation of the primitive concept of the soul it would, therefore, be essential not only to accumulate examples which illustrate a certain point of view, but it would also be necessary to show that divergent views do not exist. This proof cannot be given. On the contrary, a study of forms of belief, as found for instance in America and in Africa, reveals marked contrasts. It is true that some beliefs are practically universal. There is hardly an exception to the belief that possession of a part of the body of a person gives to the possessor power over the health and life of the individual. The psychological basis for such a belief is, however, not necessarily found in a lack of discrimination between the individual and parts of the body, but may be looked for in an emotional attitude similar to the one that we might feel in the case of an abuse of a photograph.

Another objection to the general point of view of Professor Lévy-Bruhl is due to the fact that a consistent attitude of the individual under different emotional conditions cannot be expected. Primitive man, when performing industrial activities, or other activities that require essentially intellectual application, proceeds in about the same way as we do. In quiet moments a person reacts to stimuli in one way. In a state of excitement he is much more intensely influenced by what we call superstitious fears, and these are largely determined by current beliefs. The contradictions which are found in the mental behavior of primitive individuals do not differ much from those found in our own society, even among scientists who, when devoted to their special problems, think with great acumen, while at other times, when swayed by emotion, their activity is determined by current popular attitudes.

It would seem that the solution of the problem which Professor Lévy-Bruhl sets to himself would necessitate a detailed investigation of the specific conditions under which the beliefs regarding the soul originate and that without such an investigation the psychological explanation remains purely hypothetical.

FRANZ BOAS

Books in Brief

Versailles to Rapallo, 1920-1922. The Diary of an Ambassador. By Viscount d'Abernon. With Historical Notes by Maurice A. Gerothwohl. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

Viscount d'Abernon's diary, of which this is the first of three instalments, promises to be a work of considerable importance for the history of post-war Europe. Viscount d'Abernon was appointed British ambassador to Germany in 1920, and for the next six years exerted himself to restore friendly relations between the Reich and Great Britain, to further a rapprochement between Germany and France, and to keep Germany and Russia apart as a means of checking the Bolshevist tide. He was in especially close touch with the long series of conferences called to deal with reparations, and a large part of his diary is taken up with entries regarding the German financial situation and the various proposals which the conferences considered. An introductory chapter, devoted to a general survey of the European political situation during the years which Viscount d'Abernon spent at Berlin, contains, among other things, an interesting estimate of the character of the German people, while another chapter offers entertaining pen-pictures of Lloyd George, Rathenau, Briand, Balfour, General Weygand, and Lord Curzon. The historical notes and summaries by Dr. Gerothwohl which are inserted in the text are very helpful, but a number of the biographical sketches in the footnotes might well have been brought down to date.

The Art of Thinking. By Ernest Dimnet. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

When a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic writes a book about thinking one naturally expects something very grave and syllogistic, but Ernest Dimnet achieves two hundred pages of informal chit-chat without a single reference to either the undistributed middle or the fallacy of misplaced concreteness. He is, to be sure, only an abbé, and abbés are permitted by tradition to rely chiefly upon charm; but even with that fact in mind it is hard to imagine that the more rigid of his fellow-religionists will hail his rambling little work with an enthusiasm equal to that which seems to have been manifested by the general public. The abbé chats gaily about intelligence. He tells many anecdotes to illustrate what a delightful quality it is, and he urges upon his readers the cheerful assurance that most of them could think better if they tried. But he nowhere is very

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precise in the matter of definitions and he does not draw any uncomfortable distinctions between thought and revery. His book is, to tell the truth, just a little too much like an "inspirational" talk of the sort that clubwomen and rotary members are said to like, and it rouses certain grave doubts as to its usefulness. Perhaps it will lead some people to think, but it seems rather more calculated to make them think that they are thinking—or rather that they could think if they tried.

The Theory of Morals. By E. F. Carritt. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

This book is in a sense a companion volume to the author's "Theory of Beauty," and in its method of treating the problems of ethics follows the same plan as did the earlier volume in treating aesthetic theories. Beginning with that simplest view of duty which makes it a means to pleasure, the author works his way, in order of difficulty, through all the more important moral theories, appraising, accepting, and rejecting as he goes. The book is not merely another textbook of ethics, but a sustained and exceedingly able argument for a moral position of its own. Though it comprises less than 150 pages, the author has managed, by confining himself throughout to the essentials, to discuss with surprising adequacy every problem of first importance in ethical theory. Such a statement could not be made of any but a masterpiece of compression; but that "The Theory of Morals" is.

The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals. Edited by Newton Arvin. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

Mr. Arvin's volume is condensed from both a slighter and a better-known bulk of journals than justified the previous volumes by Emerson and Thoreau in the same series. Yet it is a highly valuable book to possess, and Mr. Arvin has written a most intelligent preface setting forth the claims of Hawthorne to our modern attention. If anyone ever doubted that Hawthorne was a great and interesting man, here is the evidence to the contrary. Two kinds of entry are particularly important. In the one Hawthorne jots down "ideas" for stories, and in the course of doing so reveals the whole of his intellectual complexion and character; in the other he looks outside of himself and describes with extraordinary skill and felicity the characters of other people. Mr. Arvin is quite right in emphasizing this latter gift of Hawthorne's. The author of "The Scarlet Letter" was indeed inveterately fascinated by the conundrum of character. The sketches here of Melville, Emerson, Thoreau, Ellery Channing, Browning, Bryant, and Tennyson are little masterpieces in their kind, and none of them is altogether free from the indispensable touch of malice—which is sometimes called detachment, and might be called condescension.

Sailing Craft. Edited by Edwin J. Schoettle. The Macmillan Company. $12.

Here is a fine, fat volume for yachtsmen—rocking-chair or deep-sea type. It consists of chapters by various authorities, ranging from the broad subject of international racing by Sir Thomas Lipton to technical discussions on the aerodynamics of yacht sails and the construction of Class R sloops.

Charlotte Corday and Certain Men of the Revolutionary Torment. By Marie Cher. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

Perhaps the clumsy title of Miss Cher's slim book is unwitting compensation for its over-simplified method. Certainly her treatment of the revolutionary torment is simplification itself. But even the most credible argument, reduced to its lowest terms, loses not a little precision in the process; and the residue of the very indifferent sources that the author consulted is something less than convincing. Specialists are hereby warned off. Otherwise the sketches of Corday, Saint-Just, Danton, Robespierre, and the proscribed Girondins are entertaining enough. Miss Cher makes the most of romantic and dramatic possibilities and has produced a sparkling volume in the Hollywood manner.

A Little Less Than Gods. By Ford Madox Ford. The Viking Press. $2.50.

With this chronicle of the days that preceded and that followed Waterloo, Mr. Ford brings to fruition the project on which he once planned to collaborate with Conrad. Against the shadows of his major gods, Bonaparte and Ney, the author poses the story of Hélène de Fréjus, her husband, and her lover, titans in their own right. Mr. Ford invests them with almost Homeric magnitude. He gives them an admirable if just slightly amusing capacity for mad, proud, great decisions, culminating in the sacrifice of Frederick de Fréjus, who falls before a firing squad, mistaken for Ney, bravest of the brave. It is all a bit operatic, but a good tale nevertheless.

The Dance

The Neighborhood Festival

BROAD in scope, nobly ambitious, sensitive to its musical inspiration, with details attended to and main objectives kept in sight, the second annual dance festival of the Neighborhood Playhouse* deserves to be remembered as the culmination of an exceptional season. For some reason the press expects its musical critics to double in the dance, and the resulting danger to that art is accentuated where it attempts imaginative interpretation of other than "program" music. This special difficulty springs from the fact that musicians are divided as to the propriety of using the dance to supplement pure music, with the result that reviews from the negative side tend to be affected by a not always confessed, if conscious, prejudice. As the finest flight of imagination must depend in part upon an attempt at sympathetic understanding from its audience, it must likewise be so vulnerable to ridicule as to make that weapon's victories hollow in the end; for a time, however, a stubborn skepticism may retard progress. It is for this reason that the audience's generous response to the Neighborhood's more exacting features signifies much for the future of dancing in America.

Wisely, too much was not demanded of the spectators. The concluding number in each of the two programs was a

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group of folk dances by a large and good company, with plenty of color and unlimited motion; indeed, the new production to Enesco's "Rumanian Dances" amounted to simple reenactment. Its counterpart, the wayside entertainment of a caravan, to Borodin's semi-Oriental melodies, offered more characterization, more dramatic content, and better pictorial effects. The conception adapted to Griffes's lovely musical poem "The White Peacock" achieved its equal and equivalent loveliness without laboring ideas; rather, it contented itself with the hint the composer left, and let its peacocks walk and preen on their terrace until, by the magnificence of the white one's coming, they were outshone. Only, the peacocks were women; and bird-shape, bird-strut, were suggested, not copied. There was little symbolism in the pantomime to Bloch's symphony "Israel"; the attempt, rather, was apparently to visualize one of many scenes to which that bitter and passionate music would be appropriate —that of hooded figures before the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem. There was no story. The oppressive great wall extended diagonally back; between it and the temple to the right ran a narrow paved street, whereon, in a dim brown light, the mourners congregated; by a sharp actual inclination of the roadway a perspective was obtained, which gave the exact effect of a great painting in tones of sepia, but one whose dark groupings, with the rise and fall of the music, moved, melted into one another, disintegrated, re-formed.

The thought behind the ballet to Debussy's "Nuages et Fêtes" was obscure at points, at others, over-facile. A cloud-spirit rising from sleep, indolently stretching and turning himself—the Faun transplanted—misty cloud-forms approaching to allure him, an opponent (or was he?), a suggestion of hostilities, the breaking of the storm and the marching of brazen lightning-warriors. It is not believed that anything more profound underlies this action and, for all the decorativeness of the scene, one's impression is that a somewhat rarefied Ziegfeld might have conceived it.

It is with Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" that Miss Irene Lewisohn (the leading spirit in these adventures) has done her most distinguished work; work, we believe, so successful as to excuse other sincere attempts generally, even though unsuccessful, in the visual paraphrasing of serious music. Her elaborate scenario cannot be attacked on the ground merely that the music "does not mean" all this; no such claim is made for it. The question, so far as it is concerned, is whether it is itself deeply and heroically thought out, to which our reply would be affirmative; and it is not seriously damaged by such occasional errors in detail as the impracticable figure of the hero himself, attitudinizing in the foreground as he envisions the struggles of his inner self. The pantomime of Charles Weidman as the Inner Self was one of restrained power; his companion Martha Graham, moving beside him in misty lunar radiance, was its perfect complement. The command of suggestive design shown by the scenes themselves, each behind and above the last till all was open to the night sky, was carried down to the last detail, the grotesque postures of the goblin adversaries, the limb-patterns in which the lovers' bodies met and moved. Miss Lewisohn has done, for some future hearers of "Ein Heldenleben," what E. M. Forster less graphically did, in "Howard's End," for hearers of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; has vouchsafed to them the point of view of a superior mind and ear, a point of view arrived at through a process of pain and joy akin to the composer's own. It is unimportant whether a given listener accepts or rejects that point of view for himself; disagreement itself, involving thought if it passes beyond mere instinctive repudiation, will make that particular composition mean more to him than before. And here, it is submitted, lies Miss Lewisohn's final and sufficient justification.

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Drama

The Tragic-Comedy of Chekhov

DOUBTLESS the plays of Chekhov are and always will be caviare to the general—at least outside of Russia, where, besides, the metaphor does not hold. No one who goes to the theater with fixed ideas as to the sort of entertainment appropriate to the place can be anything but bewildered by them, and no one thus out of tune with their author can possibly catch their exquisitely tenuous aroma. Yet even in New York Chekhov has a real though limited public. "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Three Sisters" have been given recently with success by Miss Le Gallienne, and now a cooperative company under the direction of that admirable actor Leo Bulgakov is performing "The Sea-Gull" delightfully at the Comedy Theater. Here once more Chekhov casts his all but indescribable spell—a spell which claims us so gently that anyone can resist it but which rewards those who willingly submit themselves with an experience as preciously fragile as any which the theater has to offer.

There is no use trying to say what "The Sea-Gull" is about. Indeed it is not worth while to attempt even to distinguish it from its author's other plays, since in all that matters—and the particular incidents do not—they are almost precisely the same. What we get in each case is a group of oddly assorted people who are alike only in the fact that they are all living in the same charmed atmosphere of a society which has lost its will. Neither their sufferings nor their joys are quite real even to them. They have all dreamed so long that they cannot themselves be sure when they sleep or when they wake—whether they really want what they want or not. Either everything is equally and tremendously important or nothing is important at all. Reaching out for what they desire they draw back to consider and then suddenly, out of a pure inability to decide, they snatch at something they do not want. They thirst for life and experience, for great resolutions and great sacrifices, but they are incapable of the singleness of purpose necessary to grasp them. They are so exquisitely sensitive that they are lost in a world where phantoms have become indistinguishable from solid realities, and that is their tragedy. There is nothing left them except a perpetual charm which even they have begun to feel as faintly ridiculous.

Probably Chekhov was one of them himself, and certainly he invented the most nearly perfect method by which they can be revealed. To emphasize action or steady movement toward a goal would be to violate the nature of the thing which he is trying to set down. Hesitancy, casualness, and the constant interruption of magnified trivialities are all part of its very essence.

Always the accent must be apparently misplaced. The incidentals are everywhere developed at full length, and the apparently subordinate holds constantly the center of the stage, while the crucial events are revealed only as though by accident. The old man complains querulously that they do not give him enough medicines; the overseer raves because horses must be taken from the fields to drive someone or other to the station; and the affections of the actress are delineated at full length; but when the play is over the doctor draws another personage aside to whisper depreciatingly: "The truth of the matter is that Kostia has shot himself." Somebody has actually done something. The cards have been swept to the floor and the players are bewildered. It isn't fair.

No wonder that Communist Russia distrusts Chekhov and his fame, for he is the end of the era of which he is at once the most graceful apologist and the most damning critic. He sees through the traditions of his world, but he does not want to see beyond them; he has outlived his belief in the importance of its values, but he does not desire any new ones. And this latter

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fact explains the nature of his mood which is not so much one in which comedy and tragedy are mingled as it is something generated by the perception that certain tragic patterns have repeated themselves so frequently and so futilely in this particular society as to have become comic at last. He still deals with the old romantic ideas—with love, ambition, and the thirst for the infinite. His characters still commune with their souls, still sacrifice themselves for their art, and still shoot themselves for love. But both he and they have begun to wonder just how real all these things are and whether they do them because they must or merely because it is a tradition which they do not know how to break. Even when they kill themselves for an idea they half realize that the idea is played out though they do not know what else to live or die for. The heroic gesture has lost its confidence, the heroic motif has worn thin. Tragedy is still there, but the doubt, the skepticism, and the futility of comedy show through.

The present production is simple and uncostly but decidedly effective. Helen Freeman plays the spoiled actress, Barbara Bulgakov the provincial maiden, and Walter Abel the successful novelist. All are excellent.

Over-subtlety cannot be charged against another recent offering called "Congratulations" (National Theater) which turns out to be, nevertheless, surprisingly diverting. It is all about an actor who, by a fluke, gets elected mayor of a small town, and the hokum is so frank, genial, and unpretentious as to be quite delightful. No recent end-of-the-season play of this sort stands a better chance of surviving into the summer.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Terror Reigns in Venezuela

By JORGE LUCIANI

GENERAL JUAN VICENTE GOMEZ came to power in Venezuela on December 19, 1908, by a coup d'etat that aroused much national enthusiasm. Obviously Gomez, then Vice-President, was the closest colleague of General Cipriano Castro, at the time and for nine years previously dictator of Venezuela. Certainly Gomez's behavior to his old friend and protector was neither loyal nor courageous; but the people supported Gomez to get rid of Castro, whom they hated.

Venezuela realized quickly enough that it had changed men, but not regimes. Gomez began by jailing the chief magistrate of the Criminal Courts of the Federal District, a man who was the very model of judicial integrity. It was recalled that this judge had once sentenced Eustaquio Gomez, a cousin of the President, to fifteen years in prison for the murder of Dr. Luis Mata Illas, old and popular governor of Caracas. With his sentence still to serve, Eustaquio Gomez was appointed head of the garrison of the fortress of San Carlos, under the assumed name of Evaristo Prato.

About this time the Municipal Council of the Federal District discovered fraud in the management of the public moneys, and the chief executive of this council, Eleuterio Garcia, instead of attempting to clear himself, murdered, in the streets of the capital, Enrique Chaumer, an honorable member of the same council. Shortly thereafter Garcia was completely at liberty; now he has a post in the custom house of Puerto Cabello.

A distinguished journalist, Rafael Arévalo Gonzalez, then editor of *El Pregonero,* criticized these acts, and was promptly put in irons in La Rotunda, Venezuela's grim dungeon house. With him, for similar expressions, were imprisoned the writer Rufino Blanco Fombona, Manuel Flores, editor of *Sancho Panza,* Father Mendoza, one of the few priests who have criticized Gomez, the caricaturists Rafael and Leoncio Martinez, the respected General Zolio Vidal, the student Bruzual López, and many other citizens in flagrant violation of the national Constitution, which provides that "no one may be imprisoned or detained incomunicado for more than twenty-four hours without written order from a judge and statement of the reason for imprisonment."

A Congress appointed by Gomez elected him Constitutional President (since he had become executive by revolt) in 1910. Daily oppression from above, and fear and resentment from below, increased. The jails were too small to hold all the new prisoners. A mere suspicion of only lukewarm sympathy for Gomez could bring about imprisonment and death. And not even was it necessary to harbor views that were anti-Gomez, to incur his displeasure. Dr. Martin Requena, for a lecture on Jesus delivered in the Masonic Temple of Caracas, was arbitrarily exiled from Venezuela.

As his power grew, Gomez established a government whose doctrine was, as he declared, that "there are only two classes: the good and the bad." The good—himself and his friends; the bad . . .! Gaming and lotteries were established for the benefit of the "Chief" and his "Unconditionals." Monoply was authorized for the sale of matches, cigarettes, cattle, coal, and a thousand articles of prime necessity. The old political parties, the Liberals and Conservatives, disappeared. Gomez's will was law, thievery became the official system, confiscation the norm, flattery an industry, and spying a craft. The innumerable members of Gomez's family were given lucrative positions and began to count their possessions by millions. The constitutional powers were suspended. There ceased to be a Municipal Council, and in the city of Maracaibo this body entire was jailed. Gomez contained in his person the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of government. He appointed the mayor of even the smallest, most distant villages. The army, drafted by force from among the unlucky masses, was sent into peonage on the lands held by the "General." The era of road-building began, roads laid by "political prisoners." The University of Caracas was closed indefinitely and its students were exiled or jailed. The leading citizens of the nation were expelled and to this day live in exile.

The Constitution of Venezuela forbids reelection. At the end of Gomez's first constitutional period, Arévalo Gonzalez, who had been freed, revived his old paper and through it supported as candidate for the Presidency Dr. Felix Montes. Gonzalez was jailed, the printing-presses were sealed, and Montes escaped in disguise from his country. Arévalo is still in his dungeon, and Montes is in Porto Rico.

For Gomez to continue as a president who could be legally recognized internationally, the Venezuelan Constitution must be amended. He played an intricate farce. Declaring that Castro, the former President, was invading Venezuela, Gomez appointed a provisional President and placed himself at the head of an imaginary military campaign. Within a year the Constitution had been amended to provide a seven-year presidential term; however, Gomez and his provisional executive stayed where they were. The "provisional" period lasted eight years. This provided leeway for his "constitutional candidacy" for the next presidential period.

During the eight provisional years, English, Dutch, and American oil companies explored the rich Venezuelan subsoil which began to produce lavishly. However the national income from oil did not go to Venezuela; it went to Gomez, his family, and a dozen or so lawyers. Economic power increased Gomez's open tyranny. The prisoners laboring on the roads were murdered by daylight on these highways. Eustaquio Gomez in San Cristobal, a province bordering on Colombia, hanged his conscientious objectors on trees. Prisoners in La Rotunda and the fortresses of Puerto Cabello and San Carlos were poisoned with arsenic and made to drink ground glass in their muddy coffee—for Gomez murders stealthily and seldom by open order. He can thus preserve that mask of republican government which deceives no one.

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Thousands of Venezuelans have died by slow starvation, from unprintable torture, from savage beatings, from poisoning, and from diseases contracted in cells kept in a condition purposely fatal to the human body. I witnessed the torment and death of seventeen distinguished intellectuals in La Rotunda. As many men as there are in Venezuela who have any political honor left—that many has Juan Vicente Gomez put in irons; as many as aspire to liberty of thought, as many as dream of betterment of their native land. Men and women, boys and old men, rich and poor—whoever in Venezuela denounces the shameful slavery in which the country is kept is at present, or will be, in irons. One general, Fernando Márquez, has been wearing them for twenty years. But there are innumerable similar cases. Sometimes two people are riveted into a single set of irons, and night and day, year after year, remain bound together in that infernal chain. Only death frees them from such odious intimacy.

There are no words to describe to those who have not felt the weight of irons the burden of grief, humiliation, the torture which this infamous, arbitrary punishment imposes—a punishment proscribed by law throughout the civilized world, but in Venezuela applied through no other law than the whim of the tyrant. By his orders there are riveted to a human being, without so much as a pretense of a trial, one, two, three sets of weights. The physical resistance of mere men cannot withstand three pairs for more than a few days, and so when that number is put on, the unhappy wearer knows at once that it is a sentence of death. Gangrene sets in almost immediately around the iron bands that fit always too closely to the leg; and after suffering inconceivable pain the prisoner passes from the jail to his grave. But before he is buried, the body is taken to the Vargas Hospital, where a doctor accomplice in despotism signs a death certificate: malaria, dysentery, or a heart attack, whatever he chooses to invent is set down as the cause of death.

Gomez was "elected" President for seven years more in 1922. Juancho Gomez, his brother, was made first Vice-President; José Vicente Gomez, his son, Second Vice-President. A dynasty. The jails still overflowed, the highways swallowed new victims. Popular fear grew to the terror it now is. Several abortive conspiracies indicate the country's opinion of its dictator; protest, whether verbal or written, continued always, in spite of the customary tremendous punishment. Gomez completely disarmed Venezuela, afraid in his turn, and went so far even as to forbid ownership of knives and razors. He strengthened the heavily armed guard that is always about him; he intrenched himself permanently not in the capital, where he belongs (because he is afraid of the capital) but in the city of Maracaibo, a few hours distant from it. He travels by automobile over the roads so infamously built, at great speed, preceded and followed by automobiles full of guards. His movements are never known in advance.

In June, 1923, in spite of all the protection surrounding the dictator and his group, the First Vice-President, Juancho Gomez, was found murdered in the presidential palace of Miraflores. Popular opinion concluded that only a person privy to the palace could have committed the crime, and pointed to a member of the Gomez clique. Nevertheless many innocent people were jailed and tortured and

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killed as expiation, and though Gomez declared he would investigate the crime, no sentence was ever passed. The event is still wrapped in mystery. A year ago Congress, requested by Gomez, suppressed the first Vice-Presidency. The crown prince, Gomez's son, who had succeeded to this rank after the murder of his uncle, fled precipitately to Europe. His friends lost their jobs and privileges. Silence fell on his name. It was supposed that the father had suspected the son of plotting to overthrow him.

Last year in a message to Congress Gomez declared that he was ready to leave the Presidency and that his regime and that of his family would cease April 19, 1929, at the beginning of the new presidential period. He has made the gesture. But what we Venezuelans who unfortunately know him too well expect is another farce. Congress, which is his slave and his instrument, will plead for him to return and "save" the country; numerous signed petitions to the same effect will be concocted. Then Gomez, reluctantly, will "sacrifice" himself and deign to bear again the burden of the dictatorship. It is barely possible that he will give the actual position to a man of straw; but to date no candidate has appeared, and logically none except one requested by Gomez would appear, given the fate of Arévalo Gonzalez and the exile of Felix Montes fifteen years ago. Be it Gomez himself or a Gomez man who is named, it is the same for Venezuela.

In the meantime Gomez continues actually if not nominally in power, monotonously barbarous. The young and patriotic lawyer Miguel Angel Paez Pumar lately published a broadside advising the despot to abdicate; he went to jail. General José Rafael Gabaldón follows suit, but intrenches himself on his estate. Gomez orders his pursuit and capture, and the soldier is now an armed outlaw in the mountains of Guaito, in the province of Trujillo. The students in the reopened, but crippled, University of Caracas make speeches at a ball unfavorable to the dictator, free speech being supposedly a constitutional privilege. More than two hundred of them are jailed and sent to hard labor on the highway of Guatiro-Carenero, under hateful overseers, in a malarial region. Later they are marched with a great show of force to the Castle of Puerto Cabello and loaded with irons. There they remain.

Similarly, all writers who have not sold themselves to the government are jailed, among them Andres Eloy Blanco, awarded the Spanish-American prize for poetry in Santander, Spain. Even women have not escaped. They have been brutally assaulted in the streets of Caracas, imprisoned in the insane asylum, exiled. Till recently one, a seventeen-year-old girl, Carmen Gil Martinez, was a refugee in New York. The New York *World* published her story. Now the bogy of communism has been invoked as a pretext, and Dr. Pedro Maria Arcaya, the Venezuelan Secretary of State, has publicly accused the University of Caracas of being "Bolshevik." Gomez echoed this charge in his New Year address. But neither the students nor any of the five thousand at present in jail have been tried legally. Gomez and his Minister have never even tried to prove the "communism" of political prisoners. They know they could not.

The foreign reader will naturally wonder how such a dictatorship can have lasted twenty-one years. Why have three millions of people endured such tyranny? The answer

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s easy, and painful. Gomez has gold, oil, power, and terror. And the very same nation that shed its blood through the whole continent and with Bolivar the Liberator freed five ountries and established the independence of others—this eople is disarmed, poor, without resources, without friends. What is more, the government of our beloved sister republic, Colombia, in spite of its friendly press, has ceaselessly and penly persecuted exiled Venezuelans refuged in its territory. The Dutch authorities in Curazao are similarly inhospitable. In Cuba and Peru it is strictly forbidden to peak or write anything hostile to Gomez. The French government is his ally and has conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. His relations with Primo le Rivera are most cordial. The Pope has made him a Roman Count.

As for the United States, what can one say if, knowng as one knows the reign of terror in Venezuela, one eads the bland statement of His Excellency William Miller Collier, Ambassador of the United States to Chile, hat "During the regime of Juan Vicente Gomez, which as already lasted twenty years, Venezuela has been free rom civil war; before that period there was constant fightng and devastation. Now law and order are strictly mainained."

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political articles to *The Nation*.

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FRANZ BOAS, professor of anthropology at Columbia University, is a world authority on the problem of races.

KATHERINE NILES has studied dancing under famous teachers and is now herself a teacher in New York.

ABBE NILES has made a special study of popular music and poetry.

JORGE LUCIANI is a Venezuelan patriot who, as a student, was thrown into jail by Gomez for protesting against the government's neglect of the people during a disastrous influenza epidemic. He is president of the Junta Patriotica Venezolana de Nueva York.

A Half Century Goes, A Man's Fame Grows,

But the Great TRUTH he taught still waits for recognition by the masses of men

'Twas fifty years ago this year when a then unknown San Francisco printer wrote a book that has recently led Professor John Dewey of Columbia, and other famous men, to classify the author among the immortals. The author was Henry George. The book was "Progress and Poverty." Though it is in print in many languages, including the Chinese, and is influencing thinking in many lands (more so in Europe than here), millions of intelligent Americans haven't read it. This despite the fact that George's message is as vital *here and now* to the solution of the problems of War and Peace, of Industrial Depression, of Unemployment and Poverty, as it was in 1879. Tolstoy declared it *unanswerable.* Dewey has said that the man who hasn't had a first-hand acquaintance with George's proposals *may not call himself educated.*

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